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That Means Good-Bye

BIG SALE

--- Opens ---

SATURDAY

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WILL PROBE CHARGES OF ATTEMPTS TO BRIBE

Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 5.—Rumored reports of attempts to use illegal means to influence the action of delegates to the convention on important matters are to be probed by the rules committee which consists of President Murray, ex-officio chairman; members King, Johnston, Hayes, Pittman, Sandlin and Hopkins.

The procedure was decided upon after a caucus called by the convention leaders, and a resolution was unanimously adopted by the convention today providing for the investigation of the alleged charges.

The committee on rules and procedure held a meeting last night to prepare for the investigation of rumors of graft. No witness were called before the committee last night.

Friday was consumed by the convention largely in adopting two memorials to congress; one asking an amendment

to the federal constitution for the levying and regulation of an income tax; the other reported out by Chairman Moore of the federal relations committee with a recommendation that it pass, was for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people asking an amendment to the federal constitution to that extent.

The first memorial provoked prolonged discussion, but was adopted by this vote: 84 yeas, 14 nays, 14 absent. The second was adopted without debate by a vote of 94 yeas, 6 nays, 12 absent.

The choir of the First Presbyterian church will meet tonight at The Ada School of Voice Culture for special practice. Every member of the choir is expected to be present.

C. A. Powers went to Roff this morning.

ADA IS NOW ASSURED OF A CANNING FACTORY

The Donaghey Bros. & Co., are now installing in the city of Ada a Canning plant with a capacity of 1000, 3 pound cans per hour.

For some months this question was agitated and now it is a settled fact. The machinery has been purchased, also the site, near the Katy railroad in the northeast portion of the city, and active work in building and installing the plant will commence in a short time.

There is not a business in the world like the canning business. Only the most positive indolence and shiftlessness would fail. The profit from an acre or more is gratifying to the truck farmer.

Take tomatoes for instance. Good loamy soil has been known to produce as high as twenty tons to the acre. Average yield of one acre of tomatoes, 8 tons: 8 tons at 500 cans per ton, 4000 cans: 4000 equal 333 dozen 3 pound cans.

333 dozen at 95 cents per dozen, \$316.95. There is a good margin in anything that is worth canning. All the armies and navies of the world have

become markets for canned goods; the mining countries consume enormous quantities of canned vegetables. At present the greater portion of these goods are put up in California and Maryland. Last season there were over 9,000,000 cases of tomatoes put up in the United States. There were vegetables enough imported to this county from Europe in addition to this, to fill millions of cans, saying nothing regarding all the other varieties of canned products, and the demand is rapidly growing.

Farmers and truck growers, why not step into line and reap your share of the profits that annually go to those who have been supplying your town people with no better food than you will be able to give them when once equipped? Success is certain if you are willing to hustle. A little money, a lot of energy, a good living. There is absolutely nothing to say on the other side. You do your part properly and success will follow as certain as day follows night. There will be a mass meeting of the truck farmers, and all who are interested, in the near future.

HOLDS INDICTMENTS AGAINST STANDARD OIL

Judge Landis, in the United States District court at Chicago, Thursday overruled the demurrer of the Standard Oil Company to eight indictments pending against that corporation, but sustained the demurrer as to two other indictments because of technical defects.

"These indictments," said the court "are for alleged violations of Section 1 of the Act Approved February 19, 1903, known as the Elkins law. The charge is that the defendant obtained the transportation of its property by various railway companies at rates less than those named in the carrier's published schedules. The offences are alleged to have been committed prior to the enactment of the law approved June 29, 1906, known as the rate law. The indictments were returned August 27, 1906.

The court ruled against the defendant's contention that the Elkins law was enacted later to prohibit the employment of indirect methods to obtain preferential rates, it being the defendant's contention that it was not a violation of the law, if a railroad com-

pany dealing directly with a shipper gave the shipper a cut rate; against the defendant's claim that the provision of the Elkins law requiring shippers to adhere to a published rate was void as being against that provision of the interstate commerce law which required carriers to transport property for a reasonable rate.

Against the defendant's contention that the indictments were bad because the interstate commerce law did require railway companies to publish rates between points beyond the carrier's own line of road. Against the defendant's contention that the provision of the interstate commerce law requiring carriers to publish terminal charges was not operative upon consignees, the terminal charges in question consisting of large amounts of storage charges that had accrued on petroleum consigned to the Standard Oil Company at Chicago, and which the indictment charges the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad company cancelled and released to the Standard Oil Company, thus giving the Standard Oil Company a rebate in respect to the transportation of the petroleum.

UNION WILL ESTABLISH SAVINGS BANK IN ADA

After a Friday night session, the Pontotoc County Farmers Union adjourned to meet on Thursday before the first Saturday in April.

Little other than routine business was transacted during the two days consumed, until the night session, at which time O. H. Matthews, of Tupelo, addressed the body on the enterprise of a Farmers Union bank.

As a result of the address and of deliberations following, it is expected that within a few weeks there will be established in Ada The Pontotoc County Farmers Union Savings Bank, with a capital of \$25,000. The organization was partially perfected last night, and a charter will probably be applied for soon.

The officers selected for the institution correspond to the head officers of County Union. They are: O. W. Taylor, of Roff, president; C. E. Lackey of Franks, vice-president; C. J. Moore of Roff, cashier. These and six other prominent farmers compose the board of directors.

James A. Martin, of Shawnee, representing The Warehouse Bldg. Association of Houston, Texas, was present, but the Union has concluded to defer further action on the warehouse undertaking at Ada until next fall.

Guilty Negroes Thought to be Known.
Washington, Jan. 5.—John Bannon, secretary of the Brownsville Board of Trade, who is in Washington on business with the Agricultural Department

says he is confident Mr. Purdy collected evidence which shows beyond peradventure that they were negroes who did the shooting at Brownsville, and who the individuals are.

Mr. Bannon left Brownsville the night Mr. Purdy arrived, and he does not know, therefore, just what witnesses he examined. But he is quite sure Mr. Purdy was informed of a negro, who, Mr. Bannon says, knows the names of at least thirteen of the soldiers who did the shooting. This negro is said to be an ex-soldier and now the keeper of a place in Brownsville. He had a relation of intimacy with the soldiers by virtue of both positions, and, Mr. Bannon says, not only heard the soldiers discuss the plans of the attack but the results of it.

Mr. Bannon says this negro appeared before the Grand Jury but at that time denied all knowledge of the affair. Since then he has said the reason of his silence was the fear that some of the discharged soldiers would wreak vengeance on him.

So far as can be learned, the President has heard nothing from Mr. Purdy, since it is not known what evidence he has gathered. That question, however, is hardly one of importance, since there are very few, apparently, who share Senator Foraker's doubt as to the color of the men who committed the murder.

AGEE'S LAST AD You'll Have to Hurry

The past week has witnessed the heaviest selling of our Quitting Business Sale. Now we will make our few remaining days memorable for bargain giving. If you want another Suit or Overcoat, Shoes, Hat, Shirt or Underwear for yourself or boy, the price will astound you. Now don't wait. Every line is becoming broken.

---HURRY---

Space will not allow a description of our prices. We assure you these prices will never be matched again.

In conclusion we thank one and all for their liberal patronage. Again thanking you, and hoping to see you in our store in the next few days, we are,
Yours truly,

GUS AGEE

HITCHCOCK WANTS HEARING BEFORE CLARK COMMITTEE

Washington, Jan. 5.—Senator Clark's committee will not make its report for its Indian Territory investigation next Monday, as it had intended, but instead will ask for a further grant of time. This change of plan was occasioned by a request for a further hearing made by Secretary Hitchcock.

It is not known what subject Secretary Hitchcock desires to be heard on, but it is surmised he wants to discuss again the question of establishing a forest reserve in the Choctaw Nation. While it may not be said with positiveness, there is very good reason to believe that with respect to the disposition of the coal lands the committee will recommend the sale of the surface of the segregated area and the postponement of the question of disposal of the mineral right.

While the president rather favors the Leupp scheme to convey them to a tribal corporation controlled by federal

officials, it is believed the committee's determination to leave the question undisposed of, will not be objectionable to him. He is sensible that congress can not be persuaded at this time to adopt the Leupp scheme, and therefore the next best thing would be to hold the problem in abeyance for the present. Information that has been obtained today strengthens the belief that the committee's recommendation as to the alienation of land will be substantially in accordance with the predictions heretofore made.

Jailed For Murder

South McAlester, Jan. 5.—Lewis Peters is in the federal jail here, charged with the murder of Henry Bagler of Poteau. At the time Bagler was assaulted, Peters was arrested for common assault, but as the injured man died, he was accused of murder.

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THE BEST TALKING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

Every musical instrument and every tongue represented in one machine.

Prices \$10, \$20 and \$30. Sold on Easy Payments

G. M. RAMSEY

DRUGGIST

(Successor to Clark Drug Company.)

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

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Farm Loans. This company makes a specialty of the completion of abstracts, and our work is neat and our charges reasonable. Office maps are open to the public and any information consistent with our business is freely given.

Insurance. We represent a large number of the world's leading fire insurance companies, and our treatment of the Ada insuring public should elicit your hearty patronage.

City Loans. We make loans on improved property, or to build with. Either a straight loan or on monthly payments. Our facilities for handling city loans are the best.

Bonds. All kinds of surety bonds executed in our office without delay, in the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., the leader.

Chattel Loans. Plenty of money to loan farmers on their stock and 1907 crops at reasonable rates.

Real Estate. We invite you to list your real estate with us whether improved or unimproved. Our method of handling real estate is direct, businesslike and effective. Give E. F. Pugh, our salesman, your price and we will do the rest.

Abstracts. Great care and attention is given to the completion of abstracts, and our work is neat and our charges reasonable. Office maps are open to the public and any information consistent with our business is freely given.

Rentals. We will collect your rents and save you worry and money in so doing. No extra charge for paying taxes or looking after repairs, etc. One commission covers all. Mr. Pugh will have charge of rentals in connection with real estate.

ADA TITLE & TRUST CO.

Rear Citizens Nat'l Bank. Ada, I. T.

The CALL of the STAGE

What is the
Fascination
that Lures
Back to the
Footlights
Those Who
Have Tried
to Leave
Them
Forever?

New York.—On Friday, November 23, Mrs. James H. Delaney, of Chicago, a beautiful woman with apparently everything to make her contented in life—youth, beauty, an income sufficient to buy the lovely things that make the feminine heart glad—shot her husband and then herself. A few days later both bodies were brought to New York for interment, and as the solemn words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were spoken, the general public said: "Another stage-struck girl who brought dishonor on a good family, and undeserved death to a good man." For it is generally understood that the fatal quarrel between husband and wife started over the oft-discussed question as to whether Mrs. Delaney should resume her stage name of Bessie Mortimer and return to the footlights. The husband had refused his consent, and the woman had brooded until obsessed by the homicidal mania.

Another tragedy of the woman and the footlights has passed into history and will soon be forgotten. But the question remains: "What is this mysterious call of the footlights which blinds a woman who has once answered it to all other allurements and mode of living? Wealth, love, luxury, the admiration of society, all these count as nothing against the call of the stage."

Goldie Mohr, through the death of her millionaire husband, Alan W. Wood, of Pittsburgh, has now an independent fortune, a daily income larger than that which she once earned on the stage in a week, or perhaps a month, and yet she will soon appear in vaudeville, playing twice a day.

May Irwin, who will soon rival many wealthy persons in her real estate holdings in New York, is back, giving eight performances, or 32 hours of hard work, sufficient to drain her energy, every week, says the New York World.

Minnie Seligman, whom Wall street men describe as a sure money-maker in stocks, has dropped this profitable field, with all its possibilities of amassing a great fortune, for the uncertainties of her old stage career, and she, too, is playing twice a day in the vaudeville theaters.

Case of Hope Booth.

A most interesting case is that of Hope Booth, who is married to Renold Wolf, one of the leading writers on theatrical subjects in New York. For several years Mrs. Wolf was extremely happy in her private life. It was recognized among newspaper workers that she was her husband's best critic and greatest inspiration. Their interests were one, and wherever he went on first nights, etc., she went, too, and yet to-day she is back on the stage, playing vaudeville in "The Little Blonde Lady" twice a day. She does not play every week—just at intervals in or near New York—but she says she had to do it, she had to answer the call just once in so often, and between engagements she is quite satisfied at home. One week you will see her in a box, clad in velvets and furs, and the next week you will see her playing a humble stenographer and working like a Trojan for the applause which on that other night she gives to other players.

Maude Adams is a shrewd business woman, and her investments would yield sufficient income to keep her in luxury. Further, she is so delicate that acting drains her very vitality so that she must forego all social pleasures, and yet the call of the stage draws her back each fall from Alpine heights or Adirondack camps.

Ethel Barrymore could shine among the "400" and sit in the great horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House, or round out her days in London's exclusive set if she would heed the call of Cupid instead of the call of the stage.

The Sunday World has tried to find out, and herewith presents statements from those who have viewed the question from a personal or intimate standpoint. And, having read them, you will understand why, after all, you, theater-goer, sound the real call of the stage.

Minnie Seligman says: "I am back because acting is the one line of work in which I am absolutely contented, perfectly in rapport. During my two years of retirement I have had plenty to occupy mere time, but not to round out my existence. In the first place, I was busy training down. The public has wearied of the voluptuous type of stage beauty and demands slenderness. Very well, I went into

training, and anyone who has done that knows how little time there is left for mere repining. Then I went in for stocks, and worked as hard as any broker, and you must know what an absorbing life he leads. Still, there was something missing—the kindly approval of my old friends, the theater-going public.

"Public Sounds Real Call."

"I had accumulated a competency that would make me comfortable to the end of my days, but the vista of approaching years in this mere comfort held no pleasure, no real living for me. It was the call of the stage, and I had to answer. I found a vaudeville vehicle, and with Mr. William Harcourt took a flyer in Brooklyn. With the first welcoming round of applause I knew I had done right. Life was once more worth living. I will play a few vaudeville dates in New York houses only, and then assume a new role in a Broadway production. I am back in the business to stay. It is not the bright lights we hunger for. It is not the salary, the pretty clothes, but the friendliness of our audiences, the rounds of applause. This is to the actress what the clink of gold is to the miser. The public sounds the real call for the actress to return."

Henry Miller, actor-manager, says: "To begin with, I do not consider that the call of the stage is all-powerful. Many successful actors and actresses retire in the very height of their popularity and are forgotten by the public, but this is no sign that they yearn to return to the footlights or are unhappy. For instance, only to-day I saw Agnes Huntington driving on Fifth avenue, looking absolutely radiant and oblivious to the call of the theater. Agnes Ethel, Mary Anderson and Julia Arthur were happy after their retirement. And I could name a score of one-time prominent actors who have gone into various lines of business and are content.

"I believe that the really true and great artist loves simplicity, and after she reaches a certain point in experience she is ready to go back where she started, close to nature and truth. She realizes the evanescence of her popularity, for there are styles in actors as in colors; some last only a season, like the faddish colors; some live in public favor, like the standard colors. The public reads of the woman who comes out of retirement because she is exploited. The actress who remains in retirement is not exploited. Many women remain in the profession or return to it through sheer necessity. This side of the question is never exploited by the press agent. An empty purse is often the stern, unromantic reason for a return to the footlights. You must bear in mind, too, that the actress takes much of her pay in applause or approbation, an intoxicant hard to wean one's self from. The public bestows upon her an exaggerated adulation, which, even as she realizes its transitory character, is sweet."

As Author Views It.

Rose Stahl as Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady" thus defines the call of the stage when her lover, Dan Mallory, urges her to marry him and settle down on a stock farm:

"I've met more than one doll that's thrown a good man down hard just to get back to the bright lights. They talk great about it's being love for their art, but it's nothing but a hunch for the excitement. I'm no better than anybody else, and I'm kind of afraid."

Channing Pollock, who has viewed the profession from many angles, as dramatic critic, press agent, playwright and play producer, says: "The call of the stage is the voice of vanity. I know of no other profession in which approbation, recognition and applause follow so quickly upon achievement. And once a woman has been fed on this diet of instant approbation she will have no other. She must feed on approval of her person and her work. Nothing else will satisfy her—and that is vanity. Mere salary does not content an actress. She must have the applause. I have known actresses to jeopardize salary and contract to steal one good line from a fellow-player by juggling the dialogue. The line may be inartistic, the situation unreal, but if it is good for a laugh or a hand the star will demand it. Recently in staging one of my own plays I selected a woman of 36 to play the role of a woman aged 35. The actress objected. 'I don't want to play middle-aged roles yet,' she exclaimed.

"But you are 35 and more," I insisted, perhaps a bit cruelly, but for the good of the piece. She flung me a look of scorn and replied: 'Yes, but we are not here to exploit our defects. We expect to gloss them over.' And that is the true attitude of the average woman on the stage. She is placed on a pedestal by the public, and in private life she is on the ground with other women—she is what she really is. Her vanity forbids this, and so private life palls and the stage calls."

May Irwin's Testimony.

May Irwin, the richest actress in America to-day, whose New York real estate holdings are enormous, says:

"Why did I return to the stage? I have never analyzed my feelings on the subject. It started when my friends kept asking me why I had retired when I could still attract the public, why I placed myself in the class with theatrical has-beens when I could still draw laughs—and dollars to the box office. I had no sincere answer for their very pertinent questions, and so I came back.

"I do not see why the stage is not like any other profession. So long as you can succeed and make money by attracting appreciative audiences you want to remain in harness. The lawyer who can win all kinds of cases does not retire simply because he has made enough. His happiness is in winning more cases, harder cases. All right! We of the stage want to win more laughs, more applause, more public approval.

"During my two years of retirement I was always busy. You know I have two boys to occupy my thoughts. I am naturally very domestic, and am my own housekeeper with a big home to manage, and yet, particularly when I was in town, there was something missing, a void which I cannot explain in my life. In the evening it comes over the retired actress, that peculiar yearning to get ready for the night's work. In imagination she can smell the contents of her make-up box, she can hear the hurrying feet of the stage hands, the orchestra and 15-minute call, she sees the lights go up, the curtain rise; but another woman is there getting the applause that was once hers, and the first you know she is back at work, back drinking in the approbation of the audiences, the approbation that is more than bread and butter to her, the very red corpuscles of her existence."

Fascination About Stage Life.

Joe Weber, under whose direction many chorus girls have earned distinction, says:

"There is no denying that there is a fascination about stage life which outweighs any other inclination in many minds. From the time I saw my first theatrical performance, when I was not quite seven years old, I decided life could have no charms for me unless I could 'act out' on the stage and make people laugh and applaud. The sweetest music in the world to an actor is the sound of laughter and applause earned by his individual effort. To give up all thoughts of acting would seem like blotting out one of the principal joys of living. If that is an actor's idea about the subject, how much more difficult it must seem to the more impressionable members of the opposite sex!

"An actress may leave the stage because she has fallen in love and her fiancé will not consent to her continuing in that atmosphere, or she may have lost her ambition and determined on a quieter existence. It may be months or even years later, but this girl is almost certain to hear, and, if possible, heed the call of the stage. Her mind naturally turns that way at the slightest mishap in her new life. That's the practical side of the call of the stage. The sentimental side of it comes to aid the practical side when she thinks of the lights, the gayety, the pretty costumes, the music, and, what is sweetest and most alluring of all, the applause. So, I suppose the definition of the call of the stage might be summed up into the one word 'applause.'"

Missionary Honored.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the medical missionary who founded and conducted the Labrador Deep Sea mission, has been created a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by King Edward.

The Fool of the Family

By Mrs. B. M. Croker

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Letty's proud, sore heart, was the real, true and only reason for the sudden uprooting of the Lavender family. For years she and Stephen Squire had been playmates, and latterly undeclared sweethearts. Stephen had been learning farming—he now managed his father's land—he was a smart, good-looking young yeoman—and his father expected him to marry well. He would never fulfill their wishes, by loitering in the lanes with Letty Lavender, the daughter of a widow in humble circumstances. His sisters could not forgive her for her pretty face, his father could not overlook her empty pockets, but nothing could be said against her family—for it was known that a hundred years ago, the Lavenders were great people—and gentlefolk; their impressive monuments covered half the walls in the village church—but gambling and the bottle, brought them down to the rank of cottagers in less than three generations; and all that remained to Letty, was her beauty, her self-will, and her pride. She was aware that Stephen, her old playmate was "warned off" from her society. His sisters had insulted her in public—whilst his father had sought out and brought home an acceptable future daughter-in-law. But still Stephen was staunch. With eager eloquence, he suggested to Letty that they should marry, and go out to New Zealand, and make their home there, but she refused. She would not leave her mother and brother, and make a sort of runaway match. Then she and Stephen had sharp words. He was, he said, ready to sacrifice his family, and all his prospects, but Letty would not even meet him quarter way—and she was so cold and distant, he believed she did not care a straw about him. At this crisis, Miss Bulger appeared on the scene. Stephen was seen in her company—at church—and flower show—and the breach was complete.

Letty felt that she could not endure to remain in Silverstream, receiving the compassion of the villagers. After a final scene with Stephen, she made up her mind to escape from her old life and make a fresh start elsewhere. As a dressmaker in London, for instance. Her mother would not listen to the word "separation;" if Letty went, they would all go. Dan, the lanky, shock-haired boy, was of no importance in family councils. Letty's imagination was active, she planned the move entirely. When the place was duly advertised, and a suitable purchaser found—she decided that they would take a nice little flat in London, where marketing was cheap, and everything was so convenient. She would go into the dressmaking business.

In London she would forge, Stephen. Mrs. Lavender, a thin, fair woman—Dan, her shock-headed, half-witted son of 16, and Letty—her pretty, enterprising daughter, came to London in the month of August, accompanied by "Muff," the cat. They took two furnished rooms in a house near theauxilliad road, and prepared to enter on their new kingdom.

October came—with news of the war in South Africa—London filled, but trade was still slack, and faces were long and gloomy. Christmas arrived—and found the Lavender family still in the two squalid rooms, still unemployed, and one and all secretly yearning to be back in Rosedale. Bad news had arrived with the New Year. Mr. Tonk—who was insensible to letters, or even telegrams, had suddenly bolted, having quietly disposed of all the effects at Rosedale. He owed two hundred and thirty pounds—he had only paid twenty on account. This disaster, so entirely unexpected, was a terrible blow to Mrs. Lavender, whose meager savings were rapidly diminishing in London. And the money was gone—Tonk had secretly made away with all the stock and furniture, sent the key to the landlord by post, and vanished. His references had been supplied by a rascally solicitor—his confederate—and he had enjoyed three months' residence in the country gratis—and carried off substantial booty.

Another grave piece of intelligence—Steve Squire having refused to fall in with his father's wishes, and marry Miss Bulger and four thousand pounds—had suddenly enlisted in the yeomanry, and departed to South Africa.

Poor Letty—misfortunes never come singly! Stephen wrote to her before he sailed, and bade her a dramatic farewell.

"I blame myself, Letty for my hot temper—and—hot words—forgive me you may never see again—but who with his last breath, will ever be true and loyal to you. Letty, you did wrong to go to London—your pride (London pride) took you there; if you had stayed here—all would have come round in time, you might have trusted me—I was barely civil to Miss Bulger—and no more—I am off for the front now." Thus Steve departed—his hopes postponed—but not dispelled.

Meanwhile Letty had sufficient trouble on her hands at home. Her mother's health was indifferent, she suffered more than ever from bronchitis, and funds were depressingly low. Dan had taken to the London streets—as a fish to water, and became the pal and friend of sandwich men and newsboys—finally a newsboy himself—not being such a fool as he looked!

The year 1900 was a black one for many families—including the Lavender.

They had no near kin abroad—no one fighting and fainting on the South African veldt—but they had ample anxiety near home. It was now a question of keeping the wolf from the door, and Dan's was the hand that beat him off. Dan took round the Evening Scram, and his voice out-bawled that of the most leather-lunged in the district, but his earnings were scanty—enough for one—but a pitiful supply for three.

Summer came with sunshine and gay parasols, and the usual London "season," but to Letty and her mother it brought nothing but agonizing memories of the pretty rose-clad "Rose-dale."

Christmas came round again, and found Letty doing "slop-work" with her machine—assisted by her mother—flannelette shirts, threepence a dozen.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "you and Dan ought to hate me, though this is the season of good will. I had a quarrel with Stephen—all because his sisters were rude to me, and I resolved to come to London, and be a success—look at me! Do I look like a success? And I have dragged you and Dan from your comfortable home, and simply worked on your affection, and you left Rosedale with me—left comfort—for starvation. Oh! oh!" and she bent her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"What's this?" inquired Dan—"Ere is a nice Christmas dinner, sis! and I have brought you a Christmas present!" and in his (I regret to add) grimy fingers he held up a little brown paper parcel. This he opened, and proudly displayed what looked like a diamond spray—and oh, how it glittered and shone—red, white and



Proudly Displayed What Looked Like a Diamond Spray.

blue, and how it coquetted with the one dirty gas-burner!

"Oh, Dan!" gasped his sister—"did you? when?—how—did you get it? It's surely real!"

"I was looking on at one of them Salvation Army auctions last night—people sent in things—for other folks to buy, for charity, you see—and some one held this up from a basket of rubbish—for bidding, and one fellow said: 'Us don't want mock jewels, but bread,' and the thing shook and sparkled, and looked at me so straight—and said: 'Dan, you buy me for your sister—she loves pretty things—and it's Christmas.' And so I did! for I had some extra coppers for fetching a cab, and here it is, money wasted fourpence—but mighty pretty, ain't it? When I bought it, they all said I was a softy."

"It is real, Dan! How could they sell it for fourpence?"

"How do I know? Maybe some wicked rich woman sent it as a payment for her sins—a—what you call it?"

"Penance?"

"Yes; and to-morrow we will show it to young Levi. He is a friend of mine, and get him to value it—this morning I showed it to a man, and he offered me five pounds!"

"Oh, Dan, dear, what folly. You should have taken it," cried his mother.

"No, no, mammy, if it is worth five pounds—it is worth more. I know I'm a fool, but I tell you it is worth a fortune—a fortune to you and sis."

Dan's words came true, the ornament proved to be blue diamonds of the purest water, and was valued at two thousand five hundred pounds, it had no history—most fortunate fact—and no claimant, so it belonged to Letty Lavender, who, needless to say, sold it—and with the proceeds in her hand, suggested to her mother that they should return to Rosedale. The business arrangements connected with the sale of the ornament were necessarily protracted, but by the end of May the Lavender family had returned to Rosedale. Fortunately their old house still stood empty, and they lost no time in taking possession, and collecting their belongings—dog included—and settling into their usual groove—almost as if they had never left the village.

Stephen Squire had recently returned from South Africa with three wounds, two medals, and a heart still loyal to Letty Lavender—and old John, his father, no longer objected to the match. Forgiveness is never so easy as when convenient—the girl was a lady by birth—and had a tidy little fortune of two thousand pounds.

He dispatched his son to the enemy's camp with a flag of truce, in the shape of a fine home-cured ham—and all is now—peace, good will, and prosperity.

Peary is quoted as saying that it is warmer in winter at the north pole than in New York. One can well understand that if a man went to New York without money he would feel the cold more than he would at the pole.

It is stated that the incomes of doctors have decreased 25 per cent. in England during the past three years. How about the undertakers? The doctors need not give this inquiry a personal application, either, necessarily.

To Cure Feathers.

Collect as soon as possible after the plucking of the fowl. Pick out the large feathers and place the rest in a large pair of stout paper bags, and heat for several hours in the oven. During this time they should be frequently stirred and shaken. The heat destroys the eggs of insects and drives off the oily matter. It also stiffens the feathers, rendering them more elastic. When thoroughly cured by heat they should be cleansed as follows: Mix one pound quicklime with a gallon of water. When the lime is precipitated in a fine powder, pour off the clear lime water. Put the feathers in a tub and cover with the lime water to the depth of several inches. When thoroughly wet the feathers will sink down and should then be left in soak for three or four days. Rinse in several clean waters, spread on a sieve to drain between washings and rinsings, then dry in mosquito netting bags in the sun. If one raises their own fowls, or buys their poultry alive they can easily keep themselves supplied with feathers for the many sofa pillows which are now in such demand as indispensable adjuncts to our comfort.

CONSIDERATE OF THE COOK.

Rural Guest Surprises Hotel Clerk by His Thoughtfulness.

"This story may sound a bit fishy, but it is true, nevertheless," said a city hotel clerk. "A few days ago a young man came in and registered and I immediately sized him up as a resident of the rural districts. He was very verdant and that was demonstrated beyond doubt later when he asked me what time dinner would be ready. I told him the hours for meals and he left the desk. Shortly afterward he came back. I saw there was something on his mind and thought I'd help him out.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I inquired.

"Well, I dunno," he replied, "but I was just thinking I'd tell you I won't be here at dinner time, so you needn't bother about waiting for me. I've got to meet a feller about the time you said was meal time, and I don't know whether I'll be able to get back. I don't want to put folks to any trouble, so you had better tell the cook about it. I guess I can get along without dinner for one day anyhow."

"We don't often have guests who are so considerate of the cook," mused the hotel man.

HAD IT ALL PLANNED.

Capture of Outlaw an Easy Thing for Youthful Detective.

"Five thousand dollars reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Jim Bradley, the outlaw."

Two young boys read with interest the above sign which stood on an easel in front of a moving picture on West Federal street.

"There's a good place to pick up a piece of loose change," said one of the boys; "lets take a chance."

"Well, I could capture that outlaw all right if I wanted to," the second boy declared. "I know just exactly how to do the job."

"Regular Sherlock Holmes, I s'pose."

"No; and no Buffalo Bill either."

"What would you do?"

"Well, if I really wanted to capture the bold bandit I would watch the picture from a point near the machine and at the right time I'd cut a chunk out of the film."

The other lad sniffed in disgust as he remarked: "You ought to be arrested; you're so sharp you might cut somebody."—Youngstown Telegram.



PIANOS!

\$10.00 down puts a high-grade piano in your home. Small monthly payments.

ORGANS!!!

New and second-hand on liberal terms.

GUITARS!!!

Good grade \$3.00, better \$4.00.

MANDOLINS

Good grade \$2.50, better \$4.00.

Talking Machines

Victor \$22.00. Edison \$10.00.

Sewing Machines

\$5.00 down and \$1.00 a week. Sheet Music, Etc.

DURHAM & CO.,

310 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD WEAR



This is a "white season," for there is a perfect rage for white fox, ermine, white-faced cloth, and above all, ivory white Indian cashmere. The latter is really an ideal material for dresses of ceremony, but it has been rather out of favor the last three or four years. Now it is rushing to the front again and in connection with rare, lovely embroideries.

Marguerite, dowager queen of Italy, is credited with this universal adoption of white, for on every possible occasion she appears in white costumes. The late king of Italy was very fond of the virgin tint and was really angry when his queen appeared in any but the palest and most delicate colors. He declared—with truth—that a pretty woman looks her best in robes composed of soft white laces and he used to present his wife with costly flounces, on condition that she wore them on ordinary, as well as extraordinary, occasions. Indeed King Humbert's two special weaknesses were laces and pearls, and with these two most desirable possessions Queen Marguerite is richly endowed.

The queen has been heard to say that beautiful white lace and rich white furs belong, by right, to women who have left their youth behind them. It is a very comfortable doctrine and one which contains many grains of truth.

We saw a handsome pale gray cashmere robe the other day which had several flounces on the skirt. Each of these flounces was edged with hand embroideries of the finest description; in fact so fine that the effect was lost unless at close quarters. There was a tight-fitting jacket, with basques at the back and a most attractive little waistcoat of palest tan suede. On the jacket there were some beautiful embroideries to match those on the skirt, and the under vest was of tucked muslin—very neat and plain, like a man's dress shirt.

Another embroidered cashmere costume, of the same order, was in ivory white with elaborate scrolls and garlands of flowers worked in pale pink and pale green silks.

These Indian cashmeres have been

gradually gaining in favor since they were worn by the princess of Wales, after her return from India. She is particularly partial to the soft material, which drapes so gracefully, and so is Queen Alexandra.

Another rage this winter is for velvet, and cloth, dresses with very deep bands on the hem of the skirts. For evening toilets this band is almost always covered with paillettes or with elaborate embroideries, but for street wear cloth dresses of the same design show the lower part of the skirt covered with intricate braidings.

In our illustration we show a robe of cherry colored cloth with guimpe and tablier of guipure lace tinted the same shade. The other is a "directoire" robe of drape "Blen Lancet" with draped bolero and muff of ermine, embroidered vest and blouse of Irish lace.

Marabout as a trimming seems to become more popular every day. It can be had in every delicate shade, but it gives the best effects in silver gray, with crepe de chine to match or in shell pink. I have seen in some evening mantles trimmed with marabout in bright shades of emerald green and even in "empire" cerise, but these vivid shades offend the eyes. Marabout in itself is so soft and fluffy that it ought to be treated as naturally as possible. In every shade of brown it is ideal, but I can speak most favorably of it in pale shades of pink, gray and blue.

One of the special novelties in the millinery world is the beautifully fashioned rose of softest satin. I do not mean a silk or satin rose of the ordinary kind, but a thoroughly conventional rose which does not profess to copy nature. In the new blouses and also in a most impossible shade of emerald green. As I have already said, there is no pretense at copying nature. The new roses are simply used as a hat decoration in place of a satin chou or bow.

Another novelty is the full crown of supple felt, covered with delicate Turkish embroidery in copper or silver.

COATS for GIRLS



More and more are the little folks' garments, especially their outside wrappings, being planned along the same general lines as those of the grown-ups. This similarity is not confined to the outlines of the little coats and capes, but extends to materials and trimmings as well. Real laces, costly buttons and expensive furs figure to a noticeable degree on the children's garments exhibited this season, while chiffon velvets and novelty velours are favorite materials for these delightful little affairs, which are essentially childish and quaint in spite of their luxuriousness. In fact,

in the telling justice cannot possibly be done them and an observation trip through a shop devoted to children's things or through the children's department of any of the high-class department stores is necessary in order to realize their charm. Simple and unpretentious in appearance and yet rich and costly enough in reality for little princesses.

Perhaps no style of coat is more adapted to childish figures than the Empire, and one frequently sees such little garments, which are replicas of those worn by older women. Coats fashioned along these lines are sure to be graceful and becoming, whether intended for plain or dressy wear, and all sorts of materials lend themselves charmingly to this style. The coat may be originally cut on regulation Empire lines, or the Empire effect may be simulated by cleverly arranged trimmings, such as folds, stitched bands, fancy braids and the like.

Cause for Worry.

"That poor woman is almost worrying herself to death."
"Why, what's the matter?"
"She's got a new cook who is really a good looking woman."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Lots. Her husband likes good looking women."—Milwaukee Sentinel

Few women are able to tell a story so as to bring out the strong points in a forcible way

TRIBES HOLD FIRE SACRED.

Survival of the Belief That It Is a Living Creature.

A curious modern attempt to rationalize one of the oldest of superstitions is to be found in Kipling's "Life's Handicap." There Mulvaney checks the author from stirring the fire with Ortheris' bayonet, on the ground that fire takes the heart out of the steel. The real reason is much more mysterious. It was one of the maxims of Pythagoras "not to stir the fire with a sword," and to this day the wandering tribes of North America and of northeast Asia hold it a sin to take up a burning ember for a pipe-light with the point of a knife. The explanation is undoubtedly given by Johannes de Plano Carpi, when he tells us that one of the Tartar superstitions concerns "sticking a knife into the fire, or in any way touching the fire with the knife, or even taking meat out of the kettle with a knife, or cutting near the fire with an axe; for they believe that so the head of the fire would be cut off."

This is evidently connected with the ancient idea that fire is a living creature, a sacred animal, which must not be wounded by its human owners, in case it should be annoyed and deprive them of its valuable services. Is this in any degree more irrational than the belief still existent among housekeepers that a feeble fire

NO DOUBT OF HIS WEALTH.

Independence in the Matter of Tips Proved Traveler Millionaire.

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had as a fellow-passenger a man worth at least \$20,000,000. When the opportunity came I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he explained:
"Dat's what dey says, sah, but you can't allus tell. He's in de next cah, sah, but I can't say how much he am wuth till in de mawnin'. Mebbe he's wuth \$20,000,000, and mebbe he hain't wuth a hundred."

After breakfast next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment, and with a broad smile on his face, he said:

"Dat story am all true, sah."

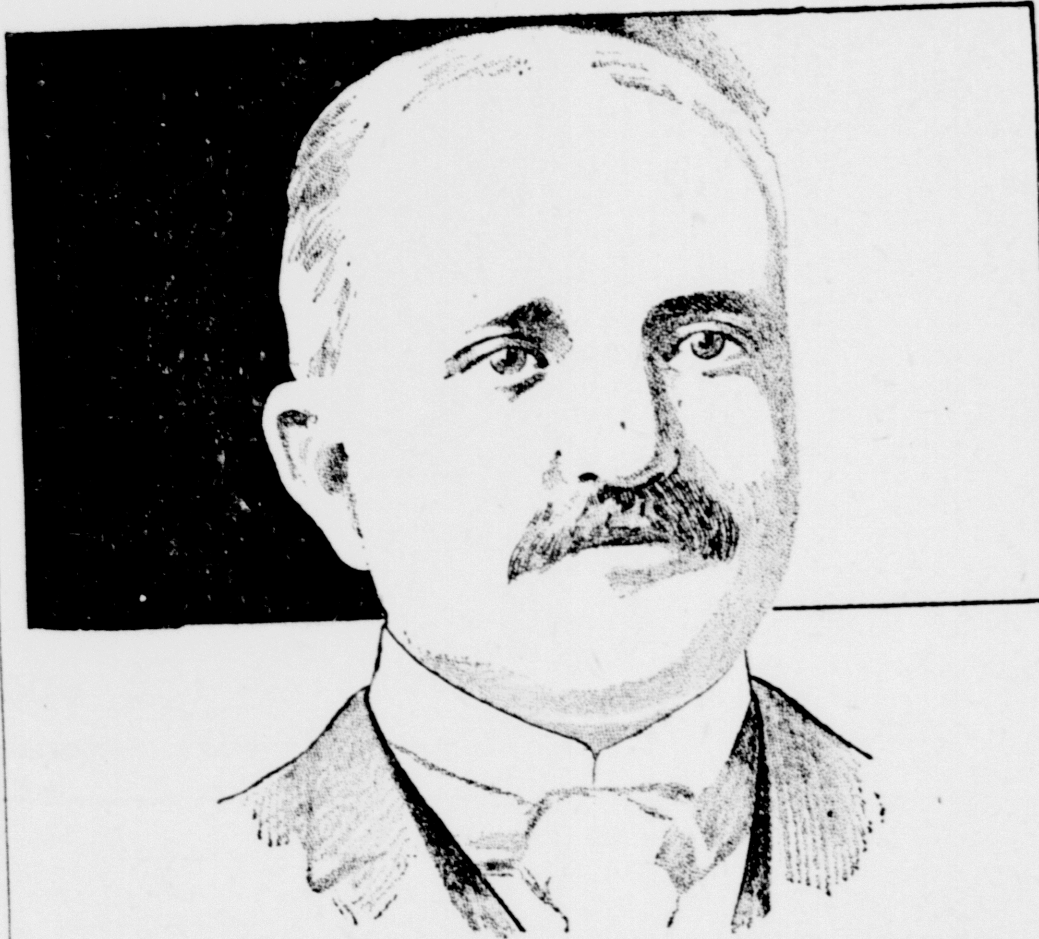
"Then the man is worth \$20,000,000, is he?"
"All dat and mebbe a heap mo'. Yes, sah, dar's no mistake about dat."

"But how did you find out? I don't suppose you asked him how much he was worth?"
"No, sah. I'dun found out by de odder po'ter, sah. De millyonaire has jest gib him 10 cents fur brushin' him off, while everybody else has come down wid at least a quarter!"

Wedding Check Went to Pay Debts.

Persons who have been at a loss to select presents for marrying friends

Daniel Guggenheim



A sensation was caused in the curb market on Wall street by a drop in the shares of Nippissing Mines company from 23 1/4 to 19 3/4, and by the subsequent announcement that the deal for the sale of one-third of the stock of the company to the Guggenheims had fallen through.

The Guggenheims had an option to purchase 400,000 shares at \$25 a share. December 1 they announced that they would not avail themselves of their option, owing to a question that had arisen as to the title of the properties of the company. They have already paid \$2,500,000 of the purchase money and 40,000 shares have been delivered to them, part of which had been resold to customers. The Guggenheims announce that they will bear any losses that their friends may have incurred by reason of the deal. Apparently the transaction has cost them about \$1,500,000.

can be made to burn by laying the poker across it, or that the sunbeams falling on a fire tend to put it out?

Miser Is Still Waiting.

A man who was very miserly hoarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well-known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

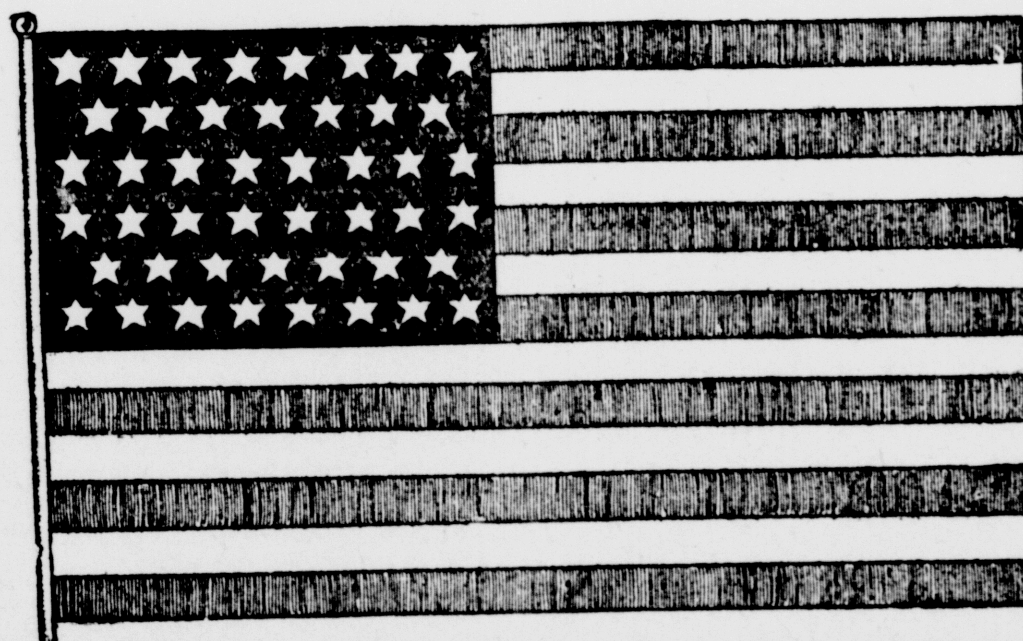
"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the miser.
"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.

Tobacco Test for Novels.

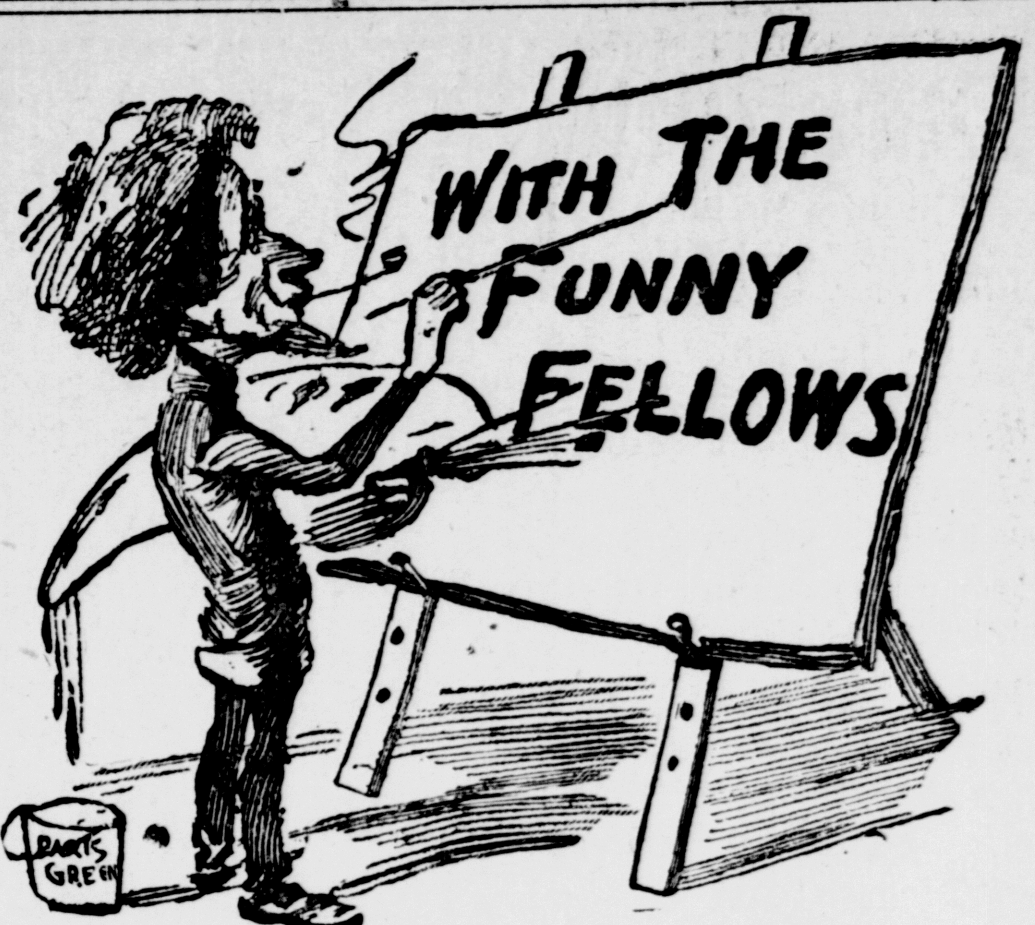
The other day in a public library in London an attendant noticed a young girl sniffing suspiciously at the books. When he asked the reason of her strange conduct she told him frankly, "I sniff at a book," she said, "to see if it smells of tobacco. If it does then I know it's a book a man has been reading and that it's a good one." This is a novel literary test, but a wise one in some respects. Horse sense lies behind it and feminine intuition.

With Oklahoma's Star In



National Flag, Showing Arrangement of Stars After That for Oklahoma Is Added on July 4, 1907.

The war and navy departments have agreed upon the arrangement of the stars in the union of the national flag, so as to provide an additional star to represent the new state of Oklahoma. The new arrangement goes into effect on July 4, 1907.



WASTED ENERGY.

"John," she said, "what type of canal would be best to build at Panama?"

Delighted, John laid down his paper. This was where he lived. For 30 minutes the room resounded with such terms as "lock levels," "tide speeds," "abutments," "angle irons" and "geodetic surveys."

At the end he smiled at her. "Do you agree with me," he asked. "Yes," she answered absently. "But I was thinking—"

"I was just thinking, John, that I'd have my old black mohair made over for the fall and get baby one of those white rabbitskin coats."—N. Y. Press.

Used His Fist.

"Ha! here comes Ratcliffe with a dagger. My last moment has arrived," exclaims one of the characters in a new melodrama.

Unfortunately, however, the actor representing Ratcliffe had forgotten the dagger and come on the stage without it. But he was equal to the occasion. "Villain," he exclaimed, "thou thought'st thou saw'st a dagger in mine hand. 'Twas thine evil conscience supplied the vision. But I will slay thee with a blow of this strong right hand," which he proceeded to do. —Tit-Bits.

MEAN THING.



Mrs. Peace—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

Miss Sharp—Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street.

"Easy Monthly Payments."

"Lives of Great Men" stands behind me. Stamped in gold and bound in blue—Every book tries to remind me. That the next installment's due. —Judge.

Excitement.

"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," remarked the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

Heavenly.

"And he said my voice was heavenly?"

"It amounted to that."
"Tell me what he said, using his exact words."

"Well, if you must have it, he said your voice was unearthly."—Houston Post.

Portable.

"There's a man of the name of Bilson that has applied to me for a job as coachman. He says he used to work for you. Has he a good character?"

"Yes, if he hasn't lost it. I gave him one when he left me."—Chicago Tribune.

Learned Something.

"You've been to college a whole year and I don't think you've learned a thing."

"Oh, yes, I have, dad. I've learned the class yell."—Yonkers Statesman.

Flattering.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts."

"Two cents an ounce," answered the post office clerk. "That's first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you!"—Judge.

These Investigating Times.

Burglar—Have I gotten everything? Dimpleton—Do you expect me to tell you that?

Burglar—I think you ought, as a matter of honor.—Judge.

A Blow.

Young Husband—I suppose, now I have married your daughter, you will continue to manage her business affairs for her?

Father—Yes, sir! I'm perfectly willing to manage her business affairs if you'll manage her.—Detroit Free Press.

STILL HOPEFUL.



She (teasingly)—What a fine-looking fellow the half back on the other team is. His features are so regular. He (savagely)—H'm. The match isn't over yet.—Cincinnati Commercial-Enquirer.

The Colonel's Fate.

A doughty Kentuckian colonel. Whose watchword was "By the etolone!"
Had a son who was smart.
Yet who broke his dad's heart.
By his work on a yellow-headed jolonel. —Judge.

He Remembered.

They had been married just a month. "Do you know what day this is?" she asked sweetly at the breakfast table.
"Yes," he answered, nervously; "this is the day I have to pay the second installment on that wedding ring!" —Yonkers Statesman.

THE FARMER'S IDEA.



The Country Parson—That is an uncommonly fine large hog, deacon. The Farmer—Yes, sir. Ah! If wuz as fit to die as him, sir!—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Called In.

There are no birds in last year's nests. No feet in last year's shoes; And in the chilly autumn days There are no peek-a-boos. —Houston Post.

Improving the Verses.

The Poet—What did you do with those patriotic verses of mine?

The Editor—Tried to improve them. "Improve them?"

"Yes; I burned them. There wasn't enough fire in 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Grateful Length.

"How is the new choir?"
"Well, if you must know, I was sorry when the minister stopped preaching."—Judge.

Not Yet Cured.

"But how do you know he is a single man?"
"Because he is so conceited."—Houston Post.

Her Undoubted Privilege.

Nan—Why do you always call Mr. Feathertop "that nuisance" when you speak of him?

Fan—Because I have a right to. There is no rule for the pronunciation of proper names.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Gayboy was in jail two months on a false charge. I wonder why he doesn't sue for damages?"

"He says it saved his life. The diet cured his gout."—Detroit Free Press.

Dec. 20th

The day to begin to deliver those beautiful calendars to all who have registered at the bank. If you have not already done so you should register at once so as to receive one.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENESEE

For Circuit Judge
EUGENE E. WHITE

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. D. (ED) FUSSELL

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
H. WOODARD
M. E. DEW.

For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES

For County Tax Assessor
C. C. HARGIS
W. H. NETTLES
GARY KITCHENS

For County Coroner
DR. JOHN W. DAVENPORT

LOCAL NEWS

Arthur Austell came in from Center this morning on his way to Memphis where he is attending school.

Have you indigestion, constipation, headache, backache, kidney trouble? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. If it fails, get your money back. That's fair. Tea or Tablets form. 35c. G. M. Ramsey.

Andrew Bynum, a real estate man of Oklahoma City, was here on business today.

FOR SALE OR RENT—One 4 room dwelling on West Main; 150 foot front, porch, good well. R. J. Ross, contractor and builder. 6t 243

President O. W. Taylor and W. H. Houser of Roff, and W. H. Lancaster of Dolberg, who have been attending the County Farmers Union, returned home this morning.

S. W. and P. G. Lanham were in from Center today.

G. W. Tigner, of near Conway, was in town today.

J. A. Hill of Roff, was in town this afternoon.

G. R. Hartwick, wife and baby returned this morning for their home at Sulphur, I. T., after several weeks stay in Ada. Mr. Hartwick has been assisting C. C. Nash in the tailor shop during the busy season.

A Lucky Purchase

SAVE \$1.00 A PAIR

We have just received a large shipment of Sample Shoes which we are putting on sale for less money than other merchants can buy them. We have these samples in all the fine grades of shoes in Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's in nothing but the latest styles.

CHAPMAN

The Shoe Man



For sale by R. S. TOBIN

Wm. J. Scott, contractor who sells the decomposed granite now being tried for ballast by the M. K. & T., was here from Lester.

T. J. Chambless was in Stonewall.

FOR SALE: One good iron bed and spring. Also lot of window shades. Inquire at News Office. 243tf

J. E. Walser of Parsons, Kans., was in the city today.

J. W. Dean returned from Konawa where he attended to legal business.

Reconstructs your whole body, makes rich red blood. Drives out impurities that have collected during the winter. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a family tonic. 35c. Tea or Tablets. G. M. Ramsey.

J. W. Davis has returned from a trip to St. Louis where he marketed cattle and bought mules.

Mrs. S. A. Bell after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Ingram, returned to Kiowa.

FOR RENT: 3 room house. O. B. Weaver Agency. R. O. Wheeler, Manager. 243tf.

At the First Baptist Church tomorrow services will be held as usual. Subject for the morning sermon, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Being the first Sunday of the new year, all the members especially are urged to be present. Everybody is invited. T. B. Harrel, pastor.

FOR RENT—Two or three rooms for light house-keeping or bed rooms on East 17th street. Mrs. E. Onley. 241 6t

Claud Rodarnold, assistant superintendent of the Cement Plant, came in today from Mitchell Ind., accompanied by his wife.

Into each life some sorrow must fall; Wise people don't sit down and bawl; Only fools suicide or take to flight; Smart people take Rocky Mountain Tea at night. G. M. Ramsey.

H. E. Ross of Navajo County, Texas, is in the city visiting his brother, Robert.

Preaching at the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Communion service at 11 a. m. All invited, membership specially requested to be on hand.

FOR SALE—An excellent driving pony gentle and well broke; cheap if taken at once.—Geo. Harrison. 246 3t

Dr. Holley positively did return home last afternoon.

Mrs. G. W. Howland, sister of Ben Mason, after a visit with relatives in Ada, returned today to Cleburne, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Rodarnold have arrived from Mitchell, Ind., to make Ada their home. Mr. Rodarnold will be a superintendent in charge of a department in the cement plant.

WANTED—To exchange good Arkansas property for Ada town property or lands. Address A. C. Bray, Maxwell, It. T. 246 1t 39 3t

J. M. Taylor returned from Konawa.

Excellent Show.

Angell's Comedians Friday night played to a fair sized audience, presenting "Woman against Woman." The cast was an excellent one and every character was "there with the goods" notwithstanding the fact that a number of the company were suffering with colds.

The plot of "Woman against Woman" was a good one and the moral was even better. Tonight the play will be "Lost in Egypt" an exceedingly fine show, presenting the opportunity of wearing some elegant costumes, especially by the ladies.

This will be the last night of the company in Ada and those who care to witness a good clean show at popular prices, can do so.

A Way to Help.

If you live in Ada or hereabouts and love her, help boost for her. This you can do in a small way by using some envelopes for sale at the News office. There's a little terse town talk on the back of them. It tells about the charms of Ada. Just 15c for 25. Get some and help. If a business man, get a box with your name on them. 246 6t. 1t w.

Died of Meningitis.

Winsfield Smith, a young man who has been working at the brick plant, died Friday afternoon at five o'clock, after a very brief illness. The malady was pronounced meningitis. The young man's parents, who live near Ahlosa, arrived just before he expired.

Ada Opera House

One Week, Commencing Monday Night Dec. 31st

Angell's Comedians

December 31st

The Good Show

SPECIAL SCENERY.
HANDSOME COSTUMES,
NEW SPECIALTIES

SPECIAL LADIES' TICKET

One FREE ticket for ladies will be given with every ticket sold before 7 p. m. day of show.

Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c.

HIS PHONOGRAPH WAS A WINNER

But His Rival Spiked the Machine and He Lost Out

Possibly this story should not be told. Yet when a person in this community does anything notably good or bad he deserves to be bawled out, and the News is largely in the bawling business.

A certain young lady had two ardent admirers, one of them a resident the other a business man back in the states. The latter came out to spend the holidays with his heart's idle, or idyl—which ever pun you prefer—bringing Christmas gifts galore.

Not being per-eminently long on the tongue work, he brought along also a fine phonograph to give him a lift in his wooing.

The machine was ingeniously loaded: a lot of sentimental selections for the girl; some old time melodies for the old folks; a few more pious tunes for the preacher. And it got to work admirably. Not only was the household captivated, but the whole neighborhood as well.

But here is where the villain came in to the visiting suitors undoing. The Ada rival soon observed the havoc the talking machine was making with his prospects. He breathed through his teeth and softly swore vengeance.

On the next evening the Ada fellow butted into the family circle and pretended to enjoy the concert as much as anybody. But he wasn't. There came a fell pause; he walked over as if to adjust a record in the machine; instead, he spiked it! Alas! The metallic wooer had played its last tune.

Now all the household is mad at the villain, save the girl. But that is the way of a woman.

Just An Accident

No, Ed Hunter has not had a fight, nor is he looking for one.

The bruises on his face are the result of an accident Friday. The undergear of his laundry wagon came to pieces, precipitating him to the ground under the wreckage. He also sustained injuries more or less painful on the shoulder and side.

Sans Pariel Elects Officers.

Friday afternoon, January 4, Sans Pariel Literary Society of the Ada High School met in the High School building and elected the following officers for the ensuing term of two months: Miss Rebecca Tolbert, president; Albert Russell, vice-president; Gilbert Reed, secretary; Mattie Currie, assistant-secretary; Nannie Henderson, treasurer; Prof. Berry, 1st critic; Jim George, 2nd critic; Presnal Sugg, Sergeant at Arms.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mason Drug Co.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Stock and Poultry Food. The finest and newest selected line Toilet articles, Perfumery, Hair Brushes, Combs, Writing Tablets, Envelopes.

PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED
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The Ada Nurseries

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Our stock consists of all the leading varieties of peach, apple, pear, plum, cherry and apricot trees. A full line of berry and small fruit plants. Thirty varieties of everblooming roses. A nice line of flowering shrubs, vines, evergreens, etc. A dozen varieties of ornamental shade trees. Do you believe in patronizing home industries? Then let us at least figure on your bill. Our stock is first class and our prices are right. See us before you buy. We can save you money.

Nurseries located at extreme west end of 17th St.

COAL!

We now have a supply of McALESTER LUMP Coal. It will be sold at \$7.00 per ton. CASH. No credit extended to anyone; drivers will collect.

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL COMPANY

More Trains—Step Lively

Since the new trains were put on by the Frisco and schedules altered, it keeps the cabmen whipping up to meet all trains. They are kept so busy they have had to quit making the Oklahoma Central station entirely. It's no uncommon sight now to see a cab driver furiously whipping his team between stations like unto an old stage driver trying to duck an Indian attack. He it also understood the increase in number of trains makes it harder for The News reporter to keep track of the goings and comings of the people. So, if you know anything phone it in or stop the reporter and tell him about it.

Good Farms.

I want to rent for cash in advance, one year or more, two good farms each having about 65 acres in cultivation and well improved. All the land of best quality and only four miles from Ada.

O. B. WEAVER.

The First Sunday in 1907

Tomorrow is the first Sabbath in the new year and every one should observe it by attending Sabbath school and church. The lesson for study in the Sabbath schools tomorrow is found in Gen. 1: 1-26, the title is "God the Creator."

A Vote Winner.

The News respectfully solicits the printing of your cards announcing to your friends and those you may meet, your candidacy. The card method of soliciting support has been demonstrated to be good; it helps to become acquainted and will win you votes.

Bob to the Beyond.

After a ten days illness, Bob, the faithful Wells-Fargo horse, a most familiar form on the streets of Ada during recent years, passed in his check lines last night.

You Mortgagees

Remember if you want to renew a mortgage of record the News carries blank affidavits exhibiting mortgagee's interest. 6t 241

Services at 1st Christian Church.

Tomorrow.
Sunday School - 9:30
Prayer - 11:00
Communion - 11:45
Y. P. S. C. E. Consecration meeting - 6:30
Prayer - 7:30
Morning theme, "The Eucharist."
Evening theme, "Strengthening the Stakes."
Y. P. S. C. E. subject, "Beginning with God, and continuing with Him."
—John 1-14.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30. Subject—"Endowment for Service."
Thomas P. Holt, leader.
E. L. Kirtley, Minister.

DR. T. W. CHADWICK
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST
Is permanently located at the City Livery barn. Examinations free at the barn. . . .

Come and See Him. Phone No. 2

DR. CORDELIA FOUTZ
OSTEOPATH
With Mrs. S. M. White,
corner 13th and Townsend.
Telephone No. 245.

ADA, IND. TER

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

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Abstracts Real Estate and Insurance
Be sure your title is right. We guarantee that when we do the work. Call on us for Fire Insurance
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ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do Largest Agency Work of any plant in this Territory.

Geo. A. Truitt,
Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention
Given to All Work
Entrusted.

Mineral Land Bill

Washington, Jan. 5—Senator Nelson has introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of lands on which are situated beds of coal, lignite, asphalt, petroleum and natural gas in the government domain until such deposits have been exhausted. The provision is made for leasing for terms not exceeding one year for the purpose of having them explored. Persons making the explorations and discoveries are to be given the preference in the right to lease and to work the deposits.

The Nickle Store

Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past, and respectfully soliciting a continuance of same, I remain yours respectfully
S.M. SHAW

The Nickel Store

Add. Ind. Ter

ADA TITLE & TRUST CO.
Rear Citizens Nat'l Bank. Ada, I. T.

Guilty Negroes Thought to be Known.
Washington, Jan. 5.--John Bannon, secretary of the Brownsville Board of Trade, who is in Washington on busi-

The CALL of the STAGE

What is the
Fascination
that Lures
Back to the
Footlights
Those Who
Have Tried
to Leave
Them
Forever?

New York.—On Friday, November 23, Mrs. James H. Delaney, of Chicago, a beautiful woman with apparently everything to make her contented in life—youth, beauty, an income sufficient to buy the lovely things that make the feminine heart glad—shot her husband and then herself. A few days later both bodies were brought to New York for interment, and as the solemn words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were spoken, the general public said: "Another stage-struck girl who brought dishonor to a good family, and undeserved death to a good man." For it is generally understood that the fatal quarrel between husband and wife started over the oft-discussed question as to whether Mrs. Delaney should resume her stage name of Bessie Mortimer and return to the footlights. The husband had refused his consent, and the woman had brooded until obsessed by the homicidal mania.

Another tragedy of the woman and the footlights has passed into history and will soon be forgotten. But the question remains: "What is this mysterious call of the footlights which blinds a woman who has once answered it to all other allurements and mode of living? Wealth, love, luxury, the admiration of society, all these count as nothing against the call of the stage."

Goldie Mohr, through the death of her millionaire husband, Alan W. Wood, of Pittsburgh, has now an independent fortune, a daily income larger than that which she once earned on the stage in a week, or perhaps a month, and yet she will soon appear in vaudeville, playing twice a day.

May Irwin, who will soon rival many wealthy persons in her real estate holdings in New York, is back, giving eight performances, or 32 hours of hard work, sufficient to drain her energy, every week, says the New York World.

Minnie Seligman, whom Wall street men describe as a sure money-maker in stocks, has dropped this profitable field, with all its possibilities of amassing a great fortune, for the uncertainties of her old stage career, and she, too, is playing twice a day in the vaudeville theaters.

Case of Hope Booth.

A most interesting case is that of Hope Booth, who is married to Renold Wolf, one of the leading writers on theatrical subjects in New York. For several years Mrs. Wolf was extremely happy in her private life. It was recognized among newspaper workers that she was her husband's best critic and greatest inspiration. Their interests were one, and wherever he went on first nights, etc., she went, too, and yet to-day she is back on the stage, playing vaudeville in "The Little Wonder Lady" twice a day. She does not play every week—just at intervals in or near New York—but she says she had to do it, she had to answer the call just once in so often, and between engagements she is quite satisfied at home. One week you will see her in a box, clad in velvets and furs, and the next week you will see her playing a humble stenographer and working like a Trojan for the applause which on that other night she gives to other players.

Maude Adams is a shrewd business woman, and her investments would yield sufficient income to keep her in luxury. Further, she is so delicate that acting drains her very vitality so that she must forego all social pleasures, and yet the call of the stage draws her back each fall from Alpine heights or Adirondack camps.

Ethel Barrymore could shine among the "400" and sit in the great horse-drawn carriage of the Metropolitan Opera House, or round out her days in London's exclusive set if she would heed the call of Cupid instead of the call of the stage.

The Sunday World has tried to find out, and herewith presents statements from those who have viewed the question from a personal or intimate standpoint. And, having read them, you will understand why, after all, you, theater-goer, sound the real call of the stage.

Minnie Seligman says: "I am back because acting is the one line of work in which I am absolutely contented, perfectly in rapport. During my two years of retirement I have had plenty to occupy more time, but not to round out my existence. In the first place, I was busy training down. The public has wearied of the voluptuous type of stage beauty and demands gentleness. Very well, I went into

training, and anyone who has done that knows how little time there is left for mere repining. Then I went in for stocks, and worked as hard as any broker, and you must know what an absorbing life he leads. Still, there was something missing—the kindly approval of my old friends, the theater-going public.

"Public Sounds Real Call."

"I had accumulated a competency that would make me comfortable to the end of my days, but the vista of approaching years in this mere comfort held no pleasure, no real living for me. It was the call of the stage, and I had to answer. I found a vaudeville vehicle, and with Mr. William Harcourt took a flyer in Brooklyn. With the first welcoming round of applause I knew I had done right. Life was once more worth living. I will play a few vaudeville dates in New York houses only, and then assume a new role in a Broadway production. I am back in the business to stay. It is not the bright lights we hunger for, it is not the salary, the pretty clothes, but the friendliness of our audiences, the rounds of applause. This is to the actress what the clink of gold is to the miser. The public sounds the real call for the actress to return."

Henry Miller, actor-manager, says: "To begin with, I do not consider that the call of the stage is all-powerful. Many successful actors and actresses retire in the very height of their popularity and are forgotten by the public, but this is no sign that they yearn to return to the footlights or are unhappy. For instance, only to-day I saw Agnes Huntington driving on Fifth avenue, looking absolutely radiant and oblivious to the call of the theater. Agnes Ethel, Mary Anderson and Julia Arthur were happy after their retirement. And I could name a score of one-time prominent actors who have gone into various lines of business and are content.

"I believe that the really true and great artist loves simplicity, and after she reaches a certain point in experience she is ready to go back where she started, close to nature and truth. She realizes the evanescence of her popularity, for there are styles in actors as in colors; some last only a season, like the faddish colors; some live in public favor, like the standard colors. The public reads of the woman who comes out of retirement because she is exploited. The actress who remains in retirement is not exploited. Many women remain in the profession or return to it through sheer necessity. This side of the question is never exploited by the press agent. An empty purse is often the return to the footlights. You must bear in mind, too, that the actress takes much of her pay in applause or approbation, an intoxicant hard to wean one's self from. The public bestows upon her an exaggerated adulation, which, even as she realizes its transitory character, is sweet."

As Author Views It.

Rose Stahl as Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady" thus defines the call of the stage when her lover, Dan Mallory, urges her to marry him and settle down on a stock farm: "I've met more than one doll that's thrown a good man down hard just to get back to the bright lights. They talk great about it's being love for their art, but it's nothing but a hunch for the excitement. I'm no better than anybody else, and I'm kind of afraid."

Channing Pollock, who has viewed the profession from many angles, as dramatic critic, press agent, playwright and play producer, says: "The call of the stage is the voice of vanity. I know of no other profession in which approbation, recognition and applause follow so quickly upon achievement. And once a woman has been fed on this diet of instant approbation she will have no other. She must feed on approval of her person and her work. Nothing else will satisfy her—and that is vanity. Mere salary does not content an actress. She must have the applause. I have known actresses to jeopardize salary and contract to steal one good line from a fellow-player by juggling the dialogue. The line may be inartistic, the situation unreal, but if it is good for a laugh or a hand the star will demand it. Recently in staging one of my own plays I selected a woman of 26 to play the role of a woman aged 35. The actress objected. 'I don't want to play middle-aged roles yet,' she exclaimed.

"But you are 35 and more," I insisted, perhaps a bit cruelly, but for the good of the piece. She flung me a look of scorn and replied: 'Yes, but we are not here to exploit our defects. We expect to gloss them over.' And that is the true attitude of the average woman on the stage. She is placed on a pedestal by the public, and in private life she is on the ground with other women—she is what she really is. Her vanity forbids this, and so private life palls and the stage calls."

May Irwin's Testimony.

May Irwin, the richest actress in America to-day, whose New York real estate holdings are enormous, says: "Why did I return to the stage? I have never analyzed my feelings on the subject. It started when my friends kept asking me why I had retired when I could still attract the public, why I placed myself in the class with theatrical has-beens when I could still draw laughs—and dollars to the box office. I had no sincere answer for their very pertinent questions, and so I came back."

"I do not see why the stage is not like any other profession. So long as you can succeed and make money by attracting appreciative audiences you want to remain in harness. The lawyer who can win all kinds of cases does not retire simply because he has made enough. His happiness is in winning more cases, harder cases. All right! We of the stage want to win more laughs, more applause, more public approval."

"During my two years of retirement I was always busy. You know I have two boys to occupy my thoughts. I am naturally very domestic, and am my own housekeeper with a big home to manage, and yet, particularly when I was in town, there was something missing, a void which I cannot explain in my life. In the evening it comes over the retired actress, that peculiar yearning to get ready for the night's work. In imagination she can smell the contents of her make-up box, she can hear the hurrying feet of the stage hands, she sees the lights go up, the curtain rise; but another woman is there getting the applause that was once hers, and the first you know she is back at work, back drinking in the approbation of the audiences, the approbation that is more than bread and butter to her, the very red corpuscles of her existence."

Fascination About Stage Life.

Joe Weber, under whose direction many chorus girls have earned distinction, says:

"There is no denying that there is a fascination about stage life which outweighs any other inclination in many minds. From the time I saw my first theatrical performance, when I was not quite seven years old, I decided life could have no charms for me unless I could 'act out' on the stage and make people laugh and applaud. The sweetest music in the world to an actor is the sound of laughter and applause earned by his individual effort. To give up all thoughts of acting would seem like blotting out one of the principal joys of living. If that is an actor's idea about the subject, how much more difficult it must seem to the more impressionable members of the opposite sex!"

"An actress may leave the stage because she has fallen in love and her fiancé will not consent to her continuing in that atmosphere, or she may have lost her ambition and determined on a quieter existence. It may be months or even years later, but this girl is almost certain to hear, and, if possible, heed the call of the stage. Her mind naturally turns that way at the slightest misstep in her new life. That's the practical side of the call of the stage. The sentimental side of it comes to aid the practical side when she thinks of the lights, the gayety, the pretty costumes, the music, and, what is sweetest and most alluring of all, the applause. So, I suppose the definition of the call of the stage might be summed up into the one word applause."

Missionary Honored.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the medical missionary who founded and conducted the Labrador Deep Sea mission, has been created a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by King Edward.

The Fool of the Family

By Mrs. B. M. Croker

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Letty's proud, sore heart, was the real, true and only reason for the sudden uprooting of the Lavender family. For years she and Stephen Squire had been playmates, and latterly undeclared sweethearts. Stephen had been learning farming—he now managed his father's land—he was a smart, good-looking young yeoman—and his father expected him to marry well. He would never fulfill their wishes, by loitering in the lanes with Letty Lavender, the daughter of a widow in humble circumstances. His sisters could not forgive her for her pretty face, his father could not overlook her empty pockets, but nothing could be said against her family—for it was known that a hundred years ago, the Lavenders were great people—and gentlefolk; their impressive monuments covered half the walls in the village church—but gambling and the bottle, brought them down to the rank of cottagers in less than three generations; and all that remained to Letty, was her beauty, her self-will, and her pride. She was aware that Stephen, her old playmate was "warned off" from her society. His sisters had insisted her in public whilst his father had sought out and brought home an acceptable future daughter-in-law. But still Stephen was staunch. With eager eloquence, he suggested to Letty that they should marry, and go out to New Zealand, and make their home there, but she refused. She would not leave her mother and brother, and make a sort of runaway match. Then she and Stephen had sharp words. He was, he said, ready to sacrifice his family, and all his prospects, but Letty would not even meet him quarter way—and she was so cold and distant, he believed she did not care a straw about him. At this crisis, Miss Bulker appeared on the scene. Stephen was seen in her company—at church—and flower show—and the breach was complete.

Letty felt that she could not endure to remain in Silverstream, receiving the compassion of the villagers. After a final scene with Stephen, she made up her mind to escape from her old life and make a fresh start elsewhere. As a dressmaker in London, for instance. Her mother would not listen to the word "separation." If Letty went, they would all go. Dan, the lanky, shock-haired boy, was of no importance in family councils. Letty's imagination was active, she planned the move entirely. When the place was duly advertised, and a suitable purchaser found—she decided that they would take a nice little flat in London, where marketing was cheap, and everything was so convenient. She would go into the dressmaking business.

In London she would forge, Stephen. Mrs. Lavender, a thin, fair woman—Dan, her shock-headed, half-witted son of 16, and Letty—her pretty, cunning daughter, came to London in the month of August, accompanied by "Muff," the cat. They took two furnished rooms in a house near the railway road, and prepared to enter in their new kingdom.

October came, with a w of the war in South Africa—London filled, but trade was still slack, and faces were long and gloomy. Christmas arrived—and found the Lavender family still in the two squalid rooms, still unemployed, and one and all secretly yearning to be back in Rosedale. And news had arrived with the New Year. Mr. Tonk—who was insensible to letters, or even telegrams, had suddenly bolted, having quietly disposed of all the effects at Rosedale. He owed two hundred and thirty pounds—he had only paid twenty on account. This disaster, so entirely unexpected, was a terrible blow to Mrs. Lavender, whose meager savings were rapidly diminishing in London. And the money was gone—Tonk had secretly made away with all the stock and furniture, sent the key to the landlord by post, and vanished. His references had been supplied by a rascally solicitor—his confederate—and he had enjoyed three months' residence in the country gratis—and carried off substantial booty.

Another grave piece of intelligence—Steve Squire having refused to fall in with his father's wishes, and marry Miss Bulger and four thousand pounds—had suddenly enlisted in the yeomanry, and departed to South Africa. Poor Letty—misfortunes never come singly! Stephen wrote to her before he sailed, and bade her a dramatic farewell.

"I blame myself, Letty for my hot temper—and hot words—forgive me you may never see again—but who with his last breath, will ever be true and loyal to you. Letty, you did wrong to go to London—your pride (London pride) took you there; if you had stayed here—all would have come round in time, you might have trusted me—I was barely civil to Miss Bulger—and no more—I am off for the front now." Thus Steve departed—his hopes postponed—but not dispelled.

Meanwhile Letty had sufficient trouble on her hands at home. Her mother's health was indifferent, she suffered more than ever from bronchitis, and funds were depressingly low. Dan had taken to the London streets—as a fish to water, and became the pal and friend of sandwich men and newsboys—finally a newsboy himself—not being such a fool as he looked!

The year 1900 was a black one for many families—including the Lavenders.

ders. They had no near kin abroad—no one fighting and fainting on the South African veldt—but they had ample anxiety near home. It was now a question of keeping the wolf from the door, and Dan's was the hand that beat him off. Dan took round the Evening Star, and his voice out-bawled that of the most leather-lunged in the district, but his earnings were scanty—enough for one—but a pitiful supply for three.

Summer came with sunshine and gay parasols, and the usual London "season," but to Letty and her mother it brought nothing but agonizing memories of the pretty rose-clad "Rosedale."

Christmas came round again, and found Letty doing "slop-work" with her machine—assisted by her mother—flannelette shirts, threepence a dozen.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "you and Dan ought to hate me, though this is the season of good will. I had a quarrel with Stephen—all because his sisters were rude to me, and I resolved to come to London, and be a success—look at me! Do I look like a success? And I have dragged you and Dan from your comfortable home, and simply worked on your affection, and you left Rosedale with me—left comfort—for starvation. Oh! oh!" and she bent her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"What's this?" inquired Dan—"Ere is a nice Christmas dinner, sis! and I have brought you a Christmas present!" and in his (I regret to add) grimy fingers he held up a little brown paper parcel. This he opened, and proudly displayed what looked like a diamond spray—and oh, how it glittered and shone—red, white and



Proudly Displayed What Looked Like a Diamond Spray.

blue, and how it coquetted with the one dirty gas-burner!

"Oh, Dan!" gasped his sister—"did you? when?—how—did you get it? It's surely real!"

"I was looking on at one of them Salvation Army auctions last night—people send in things—for other folks to buy, for charity, you see—and some one held this up from a basket of rubbish—for bidding, and one fellow said: 'Us don't want mock jewels, but bread,' and the thing shook and sparkled, and looked at me so straight—and said: 'Dan, you buy me for your sister—she loves pretty things—and it's Christmas.' And so I did; for I had some extra coppers for fetching a cab, and here it is, money wanted fourpence—but mighty pretty, ain't it? When I bought it, they all said I was a softy."

"It is real, Dan! How could they sell it for fourpence?"

"How do I know? Maybe some wicked rich woman sent it as a present for her sins—a what you call it?"

"Penance?"

"Yes; and to-morrow we will show it to young Levi. He is a friend of mine, and get him to value it—this morning I showed it to a man, and he offered me five pounds!"

"Oh, Dan, dear, what folly. You should have taken it," cried his mother.

"No, no, mammy, it is worth five pounds—it is worth more. I know I'm a fool, but I tell you it is worth a fortune—a fortune to you and sis."

Dan's words came true, the ornament proved to be blue diamonds of the purest water, and was valued at two thousand five hundred pounds, it had no history—most fortunate fact—and no claimant, so it belonged to Letty Lavender, who, needless to say, sold it—and with the proceeds in her hand, suggested to her mother that they should return to Rosedale. The business arrangements connected with the sale of the ornament were necessarily protracted, but by the end of May the Lavender family had returned to Rosedale. Fortunately their old house still stood empty, and they lost no time in taking possession, and collecting their belongings—dog included—and settling into their usual groove—almost as if they had never left the village.

Stephen Squire had recently returned from South Africa, with three wounds, two medals, and a heart still loyal to Letty Lavender—and old John, his father, no longer objected to the match. Forgiveness is never so easy as when convenient—the girl was a lady by birth—and had a tidy little fortune of two thousand pounds. He dispatched his son to the enemy's camp with a flag of truce, in the shape of a fine home-cured ham—and all is now—peace, good will, and prosperity.

Peary is quoted as saying that it is warmer in winter at the north pole than in New York. One can well understand that if a man went to New York without money he would feel the cold more than he would at the pole.

It is stated that the incomes of doctors have decreased 25 per cent. in England during the past three years. How about the undertakers? The doctors need not give this inquiry a personal application, either, necessarily.

To Cure Feathers.

Collect as soon as possible after the plucking of the fowl. Pick out the large feathers and place the rest in a large pair of stout paper bags, and beat for several hours in the oven. During this time they should be frequently stirred and shaken. The heat destroys the eggs of insects and drives off the oily matter. It also stiffens the feathers, rendering them more elastic. When thoroughly cured by heat they should be cleaned as follows: Mix one pound quicklime with a gallon of water. When the lime is precipitated in a fine powder, pour off the clear lime water. Put the feathers in a tub and cover with the lime water to the depth of several inches. When thoroughly wet the feathers will sink down and should then be left in soak for three or four days. Rinse in several clean waters, spread on a sieve to drain between washings and rinsings, then dry in mosquito netting bags in the sun. If one raises their own fowls, or buys their poultry alive they can easily keep themselves supplied with feathers for the many sofa pillows which are now in such demand as indispensable adjuncts to our comfort.

CONSIDERATE OF THE COOK.

Rural Guest Surprises Hotel Clerk by His Thoughtfulness.

"This story may sound a bit fishy, but it is true, nevertheless," said a city hotel clerk. "A few days ago a young man came in and registered and I immediately sized him up as a resident of the rural districts. He was very verdant and that was demonstrated beyond doubt later when he asked me what time dinner would be ready. I told him the hours for meals and he left the desk. Shortly afterward he came back. I saw there was something on his mind and thought I'd help him out."

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I inquired.

"Well, I dunno," he replied, "but I was just thinking I'd tell you I won't be here at dinner time, so you needn't bother about waiting for me. I've got to meet a feller about the time you said was meal time, and I don't know whether I'll be able to get back. I don't want to put folks to any trouble, so you had better tell the cook about it. I guess I can get along without dinner for one day anyhow."

"We don't often have guests who are so considerate of the cook," mused the hotel man.

HAD IT ALL PLANNED.

Capture of Outlaw an Easy Thing for Youthful Detective.

"Five thousand dollars reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Jim Bradley, the outlaw."

Two young boys read with interest the above sign which stood on an easel in front of a moving picture on West Federal street.

"There's a good place to pick up a piece of loose change," said one of the boys; "lets take a chance."

"Well, I could capture that outlaw all right if I wanted to," the second boy declared. "I know just exactly how to do the job."

"Regular Sherlock Holmes, I s'pose."

"No; and no Buffalo Bill either."

"What would you do?"

"Well, if I really wanted to capture the bold bandit I would watch the picture from a point near the machine and at the right time I'd cut a chunk out of the film."

The other lad snuffed in disgust as he remarked: "You ought to be arrested; you're so sharp you might cut somebody."—Youngstown Telegram.



PIANOS!

\$10.00 down puts a high-grade piano in your home. Small monthly payments.

ORGANS!!

New and second-hand on liberal terms.

GUITARS!!!

Good grade \$3.00, better \$4.00.

MANDOLINS

Good grade \$2.50, better \$4.00.

Talking Machines

Victor \$22.00, Edison \$10.00.

Sewing Machines

\$5.00 down and \$1.00 a week. Sheet Music, Etc.

DURHAM & CO., 310 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD WEAR



This is a "white season," for there is a perfect rage for white fox, ermine, white-faced cloth, and above all, ivory white Indian cashmere. The latter is really an ideal material for dresses of ceremony, but it has been rather out of favor the last three or four years. Now it is rushing to the front again and in connection with rare, lovely embroideries.

Marguerite, dowager queen of Italy, is credited with this universal adoption of white, for on every possible occasion she appears in white costumes. The late king of Italy was very fond of the virgin tint and was really angry when his queen appeared in any but the palest and most delicate colors. He declared—with truth—that a pretty woman looks her best in robes composed of soft white laces and he used to present his wife with costly bouquets, on condition that she wore them on ordinary, as well as extraordinary, occasions. Indeed King Humbert's two special weaknesses were laces and pearls, and with these two most desirable possessions Queen Marguerite is richly endowed.

The queen has been heard to say that beautiful white lace and rich white furs belong, by right, to women who have left their youth behind them. It is a very comfortable doctrine and one which contains many grains of truth.

We saw a handsome pale gray cashmere robe the other day which had several flounces on the skirt. Each of these flounces was edged with hand embroideries of the finest description; in fact so fine that the effect was lost unless at close quarters. There was a tight-fitting jacket, with bagues at the back and a most attractive little waistcoat of palest tan suede. On the jacket there were some beautiful embroideries to match those on the skirt, and the under vest was of tucked muslin—very neat and plain, like a man's dress shirt.

Another embroidered cashmere costume, of the same order, was in ivory white with elaborate scrolls and garlands of flowers worked in pale pink and pale green silks.

These Indian cashmeres have been

gradually gaining in favor since they were worn by the princess of Wales, after her return from India. She is particularly partial to the soft material, which drapes so gracefully, and so is Queen Alexandra.

Another rage this winter is for velvet, and cloth, dresses with very deep bands on the hem of the skirts. For evening toilets this band is almost always covered with paillettes or with elaborate embroideries, but for street wear cloth dresses of the same design show the lower part of the skirt covered with intricate braidings.

In our illustration we show a robe of cherry colored cloth with guipure and tablier of guipure lace lined the same shade. The other is a "directoire" robe of drap d'bleu lancel with draped bolero and muff of ermine, embroidered vest and blouse of Irish lace.

Marabout as a trimming seems to become more popular every day. It can be had in every delicate shade, but it gives the best effects in silver gray, with crepe de chine to match or in shell pink. I have seen in some evening mantles trimmed with marabout in bright shades of emerald green and even in "empire" cerise, but these vivid shades offend the eyes. Marabout in itself is so soft and fluffy that it ought to be treated as naturally as possible. In every shade of brown it is ideal, but I can speak most favorably of it in pale shades of pink, gray and blue.

One of the special novelties in the millinery world is the beautifully fashioned rose of softest satin. I do not mean a silk or satin rose of the ordinary kind, but a thoroughly conventional rose which does not profess to copy nature. In the new blue-lance these roses are very attractive and also in a most impossible shade of emerald green. As I have already said, there is no pretense at copying nature. The new roses are simply used as a hat decoration in place of a satin chon or bow.

Another novelty is the full crown of supple felt, covered with delicate Turkish embroidery in copper or silver.

COATS for GIRLS



More and more are the little folks' garments, especially their outside wrappings, being planned along the same general lines as those of the grown-ups. This similarity is not confined to the outlines of the little coats and capes, but extends to materials and trimmings as well. Real laces, costly buttons and expensive furs figure to a noticeable degree on the children's garments exhibited this season, while chiffon velvets and novelty velours are favorite materials for these delightful little affairs, which are essentially childish and quaint in spite of their luxuriousness. In fact,

in the telling justice cannot possibly be done them and an observation trip through a shop devoted to children's things or through the children's department of any of the high-class department stores is necessary in order to realize their charm. Simple and unpretentious in appearance and yet rich and costly enough in reality for little princesses.

Perhaps no style of coat is more adapted to childish figures than the Empire, and one frequently sees such little garments, which are replicas of those worn by older women. Coats fashioned along these lines are sure to be graceful and becoming, whether intended for plain or dressy wear, and all sorts of materials lend themselves charmingly to this style. The coat may be originally cut on regulation Empire lines, or the Empire effect may be simulated by cleverly arranged trimmings, such as folds, stitched bands, fancy braids and the like.

Cause for Worry.
"That poor woman is almost worrying herself to death."
"Why, what's the matter?"
"She's got a new cook who is really a good looking woman."
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Lols. Her husband likes good looking women."—Milwaukee Sentinel

Few women are able to tell a story so as to bring out the strong points in a forcible way.

TRIBES HOLD FIRE SACRED.

Survival of the Belief That It is a Living Creature.

A curious modern attempt to rationalize one of the oldest of superstitions is to be found in Kipling's "Life's Handicap." There Mulvaney checks the author from stirring the fire with Ortheris' bayonet, on the ground that fire takes the heart out of the steel. The real reason is much more mysterious. It was one of the maxims of Pythagoras "not to stir the fire with a sword," and to this day the wandering tribes of North America and of northeast Asia hold it a sin to take up a burning ember for a pipe-light with the point of a knife. The explanation is undoubtedly given by Johannes de Plano Carpini, when he tells us that one of the Tartar superstitions concerns "sticking a knife into the fire, or in any way touching the fire with the knife, or even taking meat out of the kettle with a knife, or cutting near the fire with an axe; for they believe that so the head of the fire would be cut off."

This is evidently connected with the ancient idea that fire is a living creature, a sacred animal, which must not be wounded by its human owners, in case it should be annoyed and deprive them of its valuable services. Is this in any degree more irrational than the belief still existent among housekeepers that a feeble fire

NO DOUBT OF HIS WEALTH.

Independence in the Matter of Tips Proved Traveler Millionaire.

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had as a fellow-passenger a man worth at least \$20,000,000. When the opportunity came I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he explained:

"Dat's what dey says, sah, but you can't allus tell. He's in de next cab, sah, but I can't say how much he am wuth till in de mawnin'. Mebbe he's wuth \$20,000,000, and mebbe he hain't wuth a hundred."

After breakfast next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment, and with a broad smile on his face, he said:

"Dat story am all true, sah."

"Then the man is worth \$20,000,000, is he?"

"All dat and mebbe a heap mo'. Yes, sah, dar's no mistake about dat."

"But how did you find out? I don't suppose you asked him how much he was worth?"

"No, sah. I'dun found out by de odder pol'er, sah. De millyonaire has jest gib him 10 cents fur brushin' him off, while everybody else has come down wid at least a quarter!"

Wedding Check Went to Pay Debts.

Persons who have been at a loss to select presents for marrying friends

Daniel Guggenheim



A sensation was caused in the curb market on Wall street by a drop in the shares of Nipissing Mines company from 2 1/4 to 1 3/4, and by the subsequent announcement that the deal for the sale of one-third of the stock of the company to the Guggenheims had fallen through.

The Guggenheims had an option to purchase 400,000 shares at \$25 a share. December 1 they announced that they would not avail themselves of their option, owing to a question that had arisen as to the title of the properties of the company. They have already paid \$2,500,000 of the purchase money and 40,000 shares have been delivered to them, part of which had been resold to customers. The Guggenheims announce that they will bear any losses that their friends may have incurred by reason of the deal. Apparently the transaction has cost them about \$1,500,000.

can be made to burn by laying the poker across it, or that the sunbeams falling on a fire tend to put it out?

Miser Is Still Waiting.

A man who was very miserly heard of his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well-known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the miser.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.

Tobacco Test for Novels.

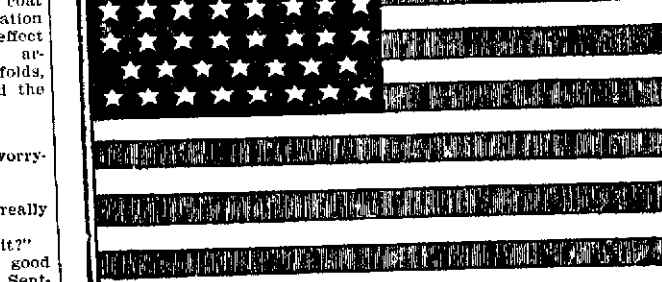
The other day in a public library in London an attendant noticed a young girl sniffing suspiciously at the books. When he asked the reason of her strange conduct she told him frankly, "I sniff at a book," she said, "to see if it smells of tobacco. If it does then I know it's a book a man has been reading and that it's a good one." This is a novel literary test, but a wise one in some respects. Horse sense lies behind it and feminine intuition.

Steel Pens.

Steel writing pens are a modern invention. They were first made in 1803 in England by a man named Wiso.

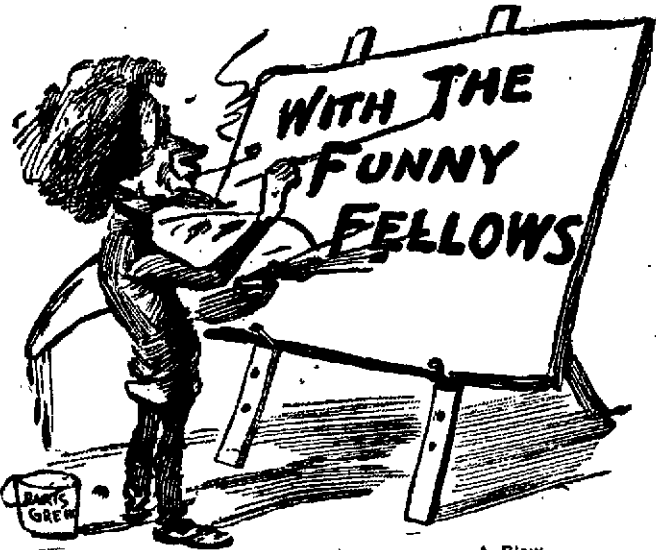
The quill pen of our forefathers was first used in the fifth century. Before that time split reeds were used to write with. There was not much use for pens in the olden times. Theodore, king of the Ostrogoths. It is said, was so illiterate that, instead of using a pen with which to sign documents, he had a gold plate through which letters were cut, and this being placed on a piece of paper, the king traced his signature with a quill.

With Oklahoma's Star In



National Flag, Showing Arrangement of Stars After That for Oklahoma is Added on July 4, 1907.

The war and navy departments have agreed upon the arrangement of the stars in the union of the national flag, so as to provide an additional star to represent the new state of Oklahoma. The new arrangement goes into effect on July 4, 1907.



WASTED ENERGY.

"John," she said, "what type of canal would be best to build at Panama?"

Delighted, John laid down his paper. This was where he lived. For 30 minutes the room resounded with such terms as "lock levels," "tide speeds," "abutments," "angle irons" and "geodetic surveys."

At the end he smiled at her.

"Do you agree with me," he asked.

"Yes," she answered absently. "But I was thinking—"

"I was just thinking, John, that I'd have my old black mohair made over for the fall and get baby one of those white rabbit-skin coats."—N. Y. Press.

Used His Fist.

"Ha! here comes Ratcliffe with a dagger. My last moment has arrived," exclaims one of the characters in a new melodrama.

Unfortunately, however, the actor representing Ratcliffe had forgotten the dagger and come on the stage without it. But he was equal to the occasion. "Villain," he exclaimed, "thou thought'st thou saw'st a dagger in mine hand. 'Twas thine evil conscience supplied the vision. But I will slay thee with a blow of this strong right hand," which he proceeded to do.

—Tit-Bits.

MEAN THING.



Mrs. Peace—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

Miss Sharp—Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street.

"Easy Monthly Payments."
"Lives of Great Men" stands behind me, stamped in gold and bound in blue—Every book tries to remind me That the next installment's due. —Judge.

Excitement.
"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," remarked the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

Heavenly.

"And he said my voice was heavenly?"

"It amounted to that."

"Tell me what he said, using his exact words."

"Well, if you must have it, he said your voice was unearthly."—Houston Post.

Portable.

"There's a man of the name of Bilsen that has applied to me for a job as coachman. He says he used to work for you. Has he a good character?"

"Yes, if he hasn't lost it. I gave him one when he left me."—Chicago Tribune.

Learned Something.

"You've been to college a whole year and I don't think you've learned a thing."

"Oh, yes, I have, dad. I've learned the class yell."—Yonkers Statesman.

Flattering.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts."

"Two cents an ounce," answered the post office clerk. "That's a first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you!"—Judge.

These Investigating Times.

Burglar—Have I gotten everything? Dimpleton—Do you expect me to tell you that?

Burglar—I think you ought, as a matter of honor.—Judge.

A Blow.

Young Husband—I suppose, now I have married your daughter, you will continue to manage her business affairs for her?

Father—Yes, sir! I'm perfectly willing to manage her business affairs if you'll manage her.—Detroit Free Press.

STILL HOPEFUL.



She (teasingly)—What a fine-looking fellow the half back on the other team is. His features are so regular. He (savagely)—H'm. The match isn't over yet.—Cincinnati Commercial-Enquirer.

The Colonel's Fate.

A doughty Kentuckian colonel, whose watchword was "By the etolone!" Had a son who was smart. Yet who broke his dad's heart. By his work on a yellow-bellied colonel. —Judge.

He Remembered.

They had been married just a month. "Do you know what day this is?" she asked sweetly at the breakfast table.

"Yes," he answered, nervously; "this is the day I have to pay the second installment on that wedding ring." —Yonkers Statesman.

THE FARMER'S IDEA.



The Country Parson—That is an uncommonly fine large hog, deacon. The Farmer—Yes, sir. Ah! If we was as fit to die as him, sir!—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Called In.

There are no birds in last year's nests. No feet in last year's shoes. And in the chilly autumn days There are no peck-a-boos. —Houston Post.

Improving the Verses.

The Poet—What did you do with those patriotic verses of mine? The Editor—Tried to improve them. "Improve them?"

"Yes; I burned them. There wasn't enough fire in 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Grateful Length.

"How is the new choir?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sorry when the minister stopped preaching."—Judge.

Not Yet Cured.

"But how do you know he is a single man?"

"Because he is so conceited."—Houston Post.

Her Undoubted Privilege.

Nan—Why do you always call Mr. Featherfoot "that nuisance" when you speak of him?

Fan—Because I have a right to. There is no rule for the pronunciation of proper names.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Gayboy was in jail two months on a false charge. I wonder why he doesn't sue for damages?"

"He says it saved his life. The diet cured his gout."—Detroit Free Press.

Dec. 20th

The day to begin to deliver those beautiful calendars to all who have registered at the bank. If you have not already done so you should register at once so as to receive one.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Ada Evening News

OTIS E. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STILNER, BUSINESS MGR.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENEFEE

For Circuit Judge
EUGENE E. WHITE

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. D. (ED) FUSSELL

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
H. WOODARD
M. E. DEW

For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES

For County Tax Assessor
C. HARGIS
W. H. NETTLES
GARY KITCHENS

For County Coroner
DR. JOHN W. DAVENPORT

LOCAL NEWS

Arthur Ausell came in from Center this morning on his way to Memphis where he is attending school.

Have you indigestion, constipation, headache, backache, kidney trouble, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. If it fails get your money back. That's fair. Tea or Tablets form by G. M. Ramsey.

Andrew Byram, a real estate man of Oklahoma City was here on business today.

FOR SALE—R. HUNT One 4 room dwelling in West Main. 140 foot front porch. I will R. J. Ross, contractor, 1111 1/2 St.

President O. W. Taylor and W. H. Hester of Koff and W. H. Lancaster of D. H. Berg, who have been attending the County Farmers Union returned home this morning.

S. W. and G. Lanham were in from Center today.

G. W. Finner of near Conway was in town today.

J. A. Hill (Red) was in town this afternoon.

G. R. Hatrick wife and baby returned this morning for their home at Sulphur. After several weeks absence in Ada. Mr. Hatrick has been assisting C. F. Nash in the tailor shop during the busy season.

A Lucky Purchase

SAVE \$1.00 A PAIR

We have just received a large shipment of Sample Shoes which we are putting on sale for less money than other merchants can buy them. We have these samples in all the fine grades of shoes in Men's, Boys' Women's and Children's in nothing but the latest styles.

CHAPMAN

The Shoe Man



For sale by R. S. TOBIN

Wm J. Scott, contractor who sells the decomposed granite now being tried for ballast by the M. & T., was here from Lester.

T. J. Chambliss was in Stonewall for sale. One good iron bed and spring. Also lot of window shades. Inquire at News Office 243tf.

J. E. Walser of Parsons, Kans., was in the city today.

J. W. Dean returned from Konawa where he attended to legal business.

Reconstructs your whole body, makes rich red blood. Drives out impurities that have collected during the winter. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a family tonic. 3c, Tea or Tablets. G. M. Ramsey.

J. W. Davis has returned from a trip to St. Louis where he marketed cattle and bought mules.

Mrs. S. A. Bill after a visit with her daughter Mrs. J. R. Ingram returned to Konawa.

FOR RENT—A room house. O. B. Weaver Agency. R. O. Wheeler Manager. 243tf.

At the First Baptist Church tomorrow services will be held as usual. Subject for the morning sermon: "I forget those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Being the first Sunday of the new year all the members especially are urged to be present. Everybody is invited. T. B. Harrel, pastor.

FOR RENT—Two or three rooms for light house keeping or bed rooms on East 17th street. Mrs. E. Onley 2416t.

Claud Rodenhold, assistant superintendent of the Cement Plant came in today from Mitchell Ind. accompanied by his wife.

Into each life some sorrow must fall. Wise people don't sit down and bawl. Only fools suicide or take to flight. Smart people take Rocky Mountain Tea at night. G. M. Ramsey.

H. F. Ross of Navajo County, Tex. is in the city visiting his brother Robert.

Preaching at the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Communion service at 11 a. m. All invited. Membership specially requested to be on hand.

FOR SALE—An excellent driving pony, gentle and well broke, cheap if taken at once. Geo. Harrison 246t.

Dr. Holly positively did return home last afternoon.

Mrs. G. W. Howland sister of Ben Mison after a visit with relatives in Ada returned today to Cleburne, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Rodenhold have arrived from Mitchell Ind. to make their home. Mr. Rodenhold will be a superintendent in charge of a department in the cement plant.

WANTED—To exchange good Ad in law property for Ad in town property or land. Address A. C. Bray, Maxwell, Ill. 246t.

J. M. Taylor returned from Konawa.

Excellent Show.

Angell's Comedians Friday night played to a fair sized audience presenting "Woman against Woman." The cast was an excellent one and every character was there with the goods notwithstanding the fact that a number of the company were suffering with colds.

The plot of "Woman against Woman" was a good one and the moral was even better. Tonight the play will be "Lost in Egypt" an exceedingly fine show, presenting the opportunity of wearing some elegant costumes especially by the ladies.

This will be the last night of the company in Ada and those who care to witness a good show at popular prices, can do so.

A Way to Help

If you live in Ada or herabouts and love her, help boost for her. This you can do in a small way by using some envelopes for sale at the News office. There's a little terse town talk on the back of them. It tells about the charms of Ada. Just 15c for 25. Get some and help. If a business man, get a box with your name on them. 246t.

Died of Meningitis.

Winfield Smith, a young man who has been working at the brick plant, died Friday afternoon at five o'clock, after a very brief illness. The malady was pronounced meningitis. The young man's parents, who live near Ahlosa, arrived just before he expired.

Ada Opera House

One Week, Commencing Monday Night Dec. 21st

Angell's Comedians

December 31st

The Good Show

SPECIAL SCENFERY,
HANDSOME COSTUMES,
NEW SPECIALTIES

SPECIAL LADIES' TICKET

One FREE ticket for ladies will be given with every ticket sold before 7 p. m. day of show.

Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c.

HIS PHONOGRAPH WAS A WINNER

But His Rival Spiked the Machine and He Lost Out

Possibly this story should not be told. Yet when a person in this community does anything notably good or bad he deserves to be bawled out and the News is largely in the bawling business.

A certain young lady had two ardent admirers, one of them a resident, the other a business man back in the states. The latter came out to spend the holidays with his heart's idle or idyl—which ever pun you prefer—bringing Christmas gifts galore.

Not being pre-eminently long on the tongue work he brought along also a fine phonograph to give him a lift in his wooing.

The machine was ingeniously loaded a lot of sentimental selections for the girl some old time melodies for the old folks a few more pious tunes for the preacher. And it got to work admirably. Not only was the household captivated but the whole neighborhood as well.

But here is where the villain came in to the visiting suitors undoing. The Ada rival soon observed the havoc the talking machine was making with his prospects. He breathed through his teeth and softly swore vengeance.

On the next evening the Ada fellow baited into the family circle and pretended to enjoy the concert as much as anybody. But he wasn't. There came a full pause he walked over as if to adjust a record in the machine instead he spiked it. Alas! The metallic woe he had played its last tune.

Now all the household is mad at the villain save the girl. But that is the way of a woman.

Just An Accident

No. 10 Hunter has not had a fight nor is he looking for one.

The bruises on his face are the result of an accident today. The underground of his laundry wagon came to pieces precipitating him to the ground under the wreckage. He also sustained injuries more or less painful on the shoulder and side.

Sans Panel Elects Officers.

Friday afternoon January 1 Sans Panel Literary Society of the Ada High School met in the High School building and elected the following officers for the ensuing term of two months: Miss Rebecca Tolbert, president; Albert Russell, vice president; Gilbert Reid, secretary; Mattie Curran, assistant secretary; Nanna Henderson, treasurer; Prof. Berry, 1st critic; Jim George, 2nd critic; Presnal Sogg, Sergeant at Arms.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dratted disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mason Drug Co.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Stock and Poultry Food. The finest and newest selected line Toilet articles, Perfumery, Hair Brushes, Combs, Writing Tablets, Envelopes.

PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED
with accuracy and promptness

Mason Drug Co.

The Ada Nurseries

Cales Bros. & Hughes, Props.

Our stock consists of all the leading varieties of peach, apple, pear, plum, cherry and apricot trees. A full line of berry and small fruit plants. Thirty varieties of everblooming roses. A nice line of flowering shrubs, vines, evergreens, etc. A dozen varieties of ornamental shade trees. Do you believe in patronizing home industries? Then let us at least figure on your bill. Our stock is first class and our prices are right. See us before you buy. We can save you money.

Nurseries located at extreme west end of 17th St.

COAL!

We now have a supply of McALESTER LUMP Coal. It will be sold at \$7.00 per ton. CASH. No credit extended to anyone; drivers will collect.

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL COMPANY

More Trains—Step Lively

Since the new trains were put on by the Frisco and schedules altered, it keeps the cabmen whipping up to meet all trains. They are kept so busy they have had to quit making the Oklahoma Central station entirely. It's no uncommon sight now to see a cab driver furiously whipping his team between stations like unto an old stage driver trying to duck an Indian attack. Be it also understood, the increase in number of trains makes it harder for The News reporter to keep track of the goings and comings of the people. So, if you know anything, phone it in or stop the reporter and tell him about it.

Good Farms.

I want to rent for cash in advance one year or more, two good farms each having about 65 acres in cultivation and well improved. All the land of best quality and only four miles from Ada.

O. B. WEAVER

The First Sunday in 1907

Tomorrow is the first Sabbath in the new year and every one should observe it by attending Sabbath school and church. The lesson for study in the Sabbath school tomorrow is found in Gen. 1:1-26. The title is "God the Creator."

A Vote Winner.

The News respectfully solicits the printing of your cards announcing to your friends and those you may meet, your candidacy. The card method of soliciting support has been demonstrated to be good. It helps to become acquainted and will win you votes.

Bob to the Beyond.

After a ten days illness Bob the faithful Welsh Fargie horse, a most faithful form on the streets of Ada during recent years, passed in his check, 31st last night.

You Mortgagees

Remember if you want to renew a mortgage of record the News carries blank affidavits exhibiting mortgagee's interest. 6t. 241

Services at 1st Christian Church.

Tomorrow.
Sunday School 9:30
Prayer 11:00
Communion 11:45
Y. P. S. C. E. Consecration meeting 6:30
Prayer 7:30
Morning theme "The Eucharist"
Evening theme "Strengthening the Stakes"
Y. P. S. C. E. subject "Beginning with God, and continuing with Him"
—John 1:14
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30. Subject—"Endowment for Service"
—Thomas P. Holt, leader
E. L. Kirtley, Minister.

DR. T. W. OHADWICK
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST
Is permanently located at the City Livery barn. Examinations free at the barn.
Come and See Him Phone No. 2

DR. CORDELIA FOUTZ
OSTEOPATH
With Mrs. S. M. White,
corner 13th and Townsend
Telephone No. 245

ADA, IND. TER

FURMAN & CROXTON
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown
GALBRAITH & McKEOWN
LAWYERS
Over Citizens National Bank
Ada, Ind. Ter.

Abstracts Real Estate and Insurance
P. C. DUNCAN,
Room 101, 111 1/2 St., Ada, Okla.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this territory

Geo. A. Truitt,
Engineer and Land Surveyor
Office Rear Ada National Bank.
Prompt and Careful Attention
Given to All Work
Entrusted.

Mineral Land Bill
Washington, Jan. 5—Senator Nelson has introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of lands on which are situated beds of coal, lignite, asphalt, petroleum and natural gas in the government domain until such deposits have been exhausted. The provision is made for leasing for terms not exceeding one year for the purpose of having them explored. Persons making the explorations and discoveries are to be given the preference in the right to lease and to work the deposits.

The
Nickle
Store

Thanking
you for
your
liberal
patronage
in the
past, and
respectfully
soliciting
a
continuance
of
same,
I remain
yours
respectfully
S.M. SHAW

The
Nickle
Store

"Fare Thee Well"
That Means Good-Bye

BIG SALE

--- Opens ---

SATURDAY

Watch for Large Circulars

Scott-Hoard Co.

ADA IS NOW ASSURED OF A CANNING FACTORY

The Donaghey Bros. & Co., are now installing in the city of Ada a Canning plant with a capacity of 1000, 3 pound cans per hour.

For some months this question was agitated and now it is a settled fact. The machinery has been purchased, also the site, near the Katy railroad in the northeast portion of the city, and active work in building and installing the plant will commence in a short time.

There is not a business in the world like the canning business. Only the most positive indolence and shiftlessness would fail. The profit from an acre or more is gratifying to the truck farmer.

Take tomatoes for instance. Good loamy soil has been known to produce as high as twenty tons to the acre. Average yield of one acre of tomatoes, 8 tons: 8 tons at 500 cans per ton, 4000 cans: 4000 equal 333 dozen 3 pound cans.

333 dozen at 95 cents per dozen, \$316.95. There is a good margin in anything that is worth canning. All the armies and navies of the world have

become markets for canned goods; the mining countries consume enormous quantities of canned vegetables. At present the greater portion of these goods are put up in California and Maryland. Last season there were over 9,000,000 cases of tomatoes put up in the United States. There were vegetables enough imported to this country from Europe in addition to this, to fill millions of cans, saying nothing regarding all the other varieties of canned products, and the demand is rapidly growing.

Farmers and truck growers, why not step into line and reap your share of the profits that annually go to those who have been supplying your town people with no better food than you will be able to give them when once equipped? Success is certain if you are willing to hustle. A little money, a lot of energy, a good living. There is absolutely nothing to say on the other side. You do your part properly and success will follow as certain as day follows night. There will be a mass meeting of the truck farmers, and all who are interested, in the near future.

HOLDS INDICTMENTS AGAINST STANDARD OIL

Judge Landis, in the United States District court at Chicago, Thursday overruled the demurrer of the Standard Oil Company to eight indictments, pending against that corporation, but sustained the demurrer as to two other indictments because of technical defects.

"These indictments," said the court "are for alleged violations of Section 1 of the Act Approved February 19, 1903, known as the Elkins law. The charge is that the defendant obtained the transportation of its property by various railway companies at rates less than those named in the carrier's published schedules. The offences are alleged to have been committed prior to the enactment of the law approved June 29, 1906, known as the rate law. The indictments were returned August 27, 1906.

The court ruled against the defendant's contention that the Elkins law was enacted really to prohibit the employment of indirect methods to obtain preferential rates, it being the defendant's contention that it was not a violation of the law, if a railroad com-

pany dealing directly with a shipper gave the shipper a cut rate; against the defendant's claim that the provision of the Elkins law requiring shippers to adhere to a published rate was void as being against that provision of the interstate commerce law which required carriers to transport property for a reasonable rate.

Against the defendant's contention that the indictments were bad because the interstate commerce law did not require railway companies to publish rates between points beyond the carrier's own line of road. Against the defendant's contention that the provision of the interstate commerce law requiring carriers to publish terminal charges was not operative upon consignees, the terminal charges in question consisting of large amounts of storage charges that had accrued on petroleum consigned to the Standard Oil Company at Chicago, and which the indictment charges the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad company cancelled and released to the Standard Oil Company, thus giving the Standard Oil Company a rebate in respect to the transportation of the petroleum.

UNION WILL ESTABLISH SAVINGS BANK IN ADA

After a Friday night session, the Pontotoc County Farmers Union adjourned to meet on Thursday before the first Saturday in April.

Little other than routine business was transacted during the two days consumed, until the night session, at which time O. H. Matthews, of Tupelo, addressed the body on the enterprise of a Farmers Union bank.

As a result of the address and of deliberations following, it is expected that within a few weeks there will be established in Ada the Pontotoc County Farmers Union Savings Bank, with a capital of \$25,000. The organization was partially perfected last night, and a charter will probably be applied for soon.

The officers selected for the institution correspond to the head officers of County Union. They are: O. W. Taylor, of Roff, president; C. E. Lackey of Franks, vice-president; C. J. Moore of Roff, cashier. These and six other prominent farmers compose the board of directors.

James A. Martin, of Shawnee, representing The Warehouse Bldg. Association of Houston, Texas, was present, but the Union has concluded to defer further action on the warehouse undertaking at Ada until next fall.

Guilt Negroes Thought to be Known.
Washington, Jan. 5.—John Bannon, secretary of the Brownsville Board of Trade, who is in Washington on business with the Agricultural Department

says he is confident Mr. Purdy has collected evidence which shows beyond peradventure that they were negroes who did the shooting at Brownsville, and who the individuals are.

Mr. Bannon left Brownsville the night Mr. Purdy arrived, and he does not know, therefore, just what witnesses he examined. But he is quite sure Mr. Purdy was informed of a negro, who, Mr. Bannon says, knows the names of at least thirteen of the soldiers who did the shooting. This negro is said to be an ex-soldier and now the keeper of a place in Brownsville. He had a relation of intimacy with the soldiers by virtue of both positions, and Mr. Bannon says, not only heard the soldiers discuss the plans of the attack but the results of it.

Mr. Bannon says this negro appeared before the Grand Jury but at that time denied all knowledge of the affair. Since then he has said the reason of his silence was the fear that some of the discharged soldiers would wreak vengeance on him.

So far as can be learned, the President has heard nothing from Mr. Purdy, since it is not known what evidence he has gathered. That question, however, is hardly one of importance, since there are very few, apparently, who share Senator Foraker's doubt as to the color of the men who committed the murder.

AGEE'S LAST AD You'll Have to Hurry

The past week has witnessed the heaviest selling of our Quitting Business Sale. Now we will make our few remaining days memorable for bargain giving. If you want another Suit or Overcoat, Shoes, Hat, Shirt or Underwear for yourself or boy, the price will astound you. Now don't wait. Every line is becoming broken.

---HURRY---

Space will not allow a description of prices. We assure you these prices will never be matched again.

In conclusion we thank one and all for their liberal patronage. Again thanking you, and hoping to see you in our store in the next few days, we are,
Yours truly,

GUS AGEE

HITCHCOCK WANTS HEARING BEFORE CLARK COMMITTEE

Washington, Jan. 5.—Senator Clark's committee will not make its report for its Indian Territory investigation next Monday, as it had intended, but instead will ask for a further grant of time. This change of plan was occasioned by a request for a further hearing made by Secretary Hitchcock.

It is not known what subject Secretary Hitchcock desires to be heard on, but it is surmised he wants to discuss again the question of establishing a forest reserve in the Choctaw Nation.

While it may not be said with positiveness, there is very good reason to believe that with respect to the disposition of the coal lands the committee will recommend the sale of the surface of the segregated area and the postponement of the question of disposal of the mineral right.

While the president rather favors the Leupp scheme to convey them to a tribal corporation controlled by federal

officials, it is believed the committee's determination to leave the question undisposed of, will not be objectionable to him. He is sensible that congress can not be persuaded at this time to adopt the Leupp scheme, and therefore the next best thing would be to hold the problem in abeyance for the present. Information that has been obtained today strengthens the belief that the committee's recommendation as to the alienation of land will be substantially in accordance with the predictions heretofore made.

Jailed For Murder

South McAlester, Jan. 5.—Lewis Peters is in the federal jail here, charged with the murder of Henry Bagler of Poteau. At the time Bagler was assaulted, Peters was arrested for common assault, but as the injured man died, he was accused of murder.

W. H. GREY, Pres't W. H. BRALEY, Sec and Treas.

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W. H. Grey, Loan and Abstract Officer

Farm Loans. This company makes a speciality of negotiating loans on mortgages, crops, and other securities, at a reasonable rate of interest, and on easy terms of payment. You get all you borrow and without delay.

City Loans. We make loans on improved property, or to build with, either a straight loan or on monthly payments. Our facilities for handling city loans are the best.

Chattel Loans. Plenty of money to loan farmers on their stock and farm crops at reasonable rates.

Abstracts. Great care and attention is given to the compilation of abstracts and our work is rapid and our charges reasonable. Office hours are open to the public and any information consistent with our business is freely given.

W. H. Braley, Insurance and Real Estate Officer

Insurance. We represent a large number of the world's leading fire insurance companies, and our treatment of the Ada business public should merit your hearty patronage.

Bonds. All kinds of surety bonds accepted in or for the United States, District of Columbia, and the Territories.

Real Estate. We invite you to list your real estate with us whether you own property in Ada and whether improved or unimproved. Our method of handling real estate is direct, businesslike and effective. Give E. E. Purdy, our salesman, your price and we will do the rest.

Rentals. We will collect your rent and have your work and money in so doing. No extra charge for collecting, taxes or looking after property. Our commission covers all. Mr. Purdy will have charge of rentals in connection with real estate.

ADA TITLE & TRUST CO.

Rear Citizens Nat'l Bank, Ada, I. T.

Edison Phonograph

THE BEST TALKING MACHINE IN THE WORLD

Every musical instrument and every tongue represented in one machine.

Prices \$10, \$20 and \$30. Sold on Easy Payments

G. M. RAMSEY
DRUGGIST

(Successor to Clark Drug Company.)

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the controller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind., Ter

The CALL of the STAGE

What is the
Fascination
that Lures
Back to the
Footlights
Those Who
Have Tried
to Leave
Them
Forever?

New York.—On Friday, November 23, Mrs. James H. Delaney, of Chicago, a beautiful woman with apparently everything to make her contented in life—youth, beauty, an income sufficient to buy the lovely things that make the feminine heart glad—shot her husband and then herself. A few days later both bodies were brought to New York for interment, and as the solemn words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were spoken, the general public said: "Another stage-struck girl who brought dishonor on a good family, and undeserved death to a good man." For it is generally understood that the fatal quarrel between husband and wife started over the oft-discussed question as to whether Mrs. Delaney should resume her stage name of Bessie Morimer and return to the footlights. The husband had refused his consent, and the woman had brooded until obsessed by the homicidal mania.

Another tragedy of the woman and the footlights has passed into history and will soon be forgotten. But the question remains: "What is this mysterious call of the footlights which blinds a woman who has once answered it to all other allurements and mode of living? Wealth, love, luxury, the admiration of society, all these count as nothing against the call of the stage."

Goldie Mohr, through the death of her millionaire husband, Alan W. Wood, of Pittsburgh, has now an independent fortune, a daily income larger than that which she once earned on the stage in a week, or perhaps a month, and yet she will soon appear in vaudeville, playing twice a day.

May Irwin, who will soon rival many wealthy persons in her real estate holdings in New York, is back, giving eight performances, or 32 hours of hard work, sufficient to drain her energy, every week, says the New York World.

Minnie Seligman, whom Wall street men describe as a sure money-maker in stocks, has dropped this profitable field, with all its possibilities of amassing a great fortune, for the uncertainties of her old stage career, and she, too, is playing twice a day in the vaudeville theaters.

Case of Hope Booth.

A most interesting case is that of Hope Booth, who is married to Renold Wolf, one of the leading writers on theatrical subjects in New York. For several years Mrs. Wolf was extremely happy in her private life. It was recognized among newspaper workers that she was her husband's best critic and greatest inspiration. Their interests were one, and wherever he went on first nights, etc., she went, too, and yet to-day she is back on the stage, playing vaudeville in "The Little Blonde Lady" twice a day. She does not play every week—just at intervals in or near New York—but she says she had to do it, she had to answer the call just once in so often, and between engagements she is quite satisfied at home. One week you will see her in a box, clad in velvets and furs, and the next week you will see her playing a humble stenographer and working like a Trojan for the applause which on that other night she gives to other players.

Maude Adams is a shrewd business woman, and her investments would yield sufficient income to keep her in luxury. Further, she is so delicate that acting drains her very vitality so that she must forego all social pleasures, and yet the call of the stage draws her back each fall from Alpine heights or Adirondack camps.

Ethel Barrymore could shine among the "400" and sit in the great horse-shoe of the Metropolitan Opera House, or round out her days in London's exclusive set if she would heed the call of Cupid instead of the call of the stage.

The Sunday World has tried to find out, and herewith presents statements from those who have viewed the question from a personal or intimate standpoint. And, having read them, you will understand why, after all, you, theater-goer, sound the real call of the stage.

Minnie Seligman says: "I am back because acting is the one line of work in which I am absolutely contented, perfectly in rapport. During my two years of retirement I have had plenty to occupy more time, but not to round out my existence. In the first place, I was busy training down. The public has wearied of the voluptuous type of stage beauty and demands sturdiness. Very well, I went into

training, and anyone who has done that knows how little time there is left for mere reposing. Then I went in for stocks, and worked as hard as any broker, and you must know what an absorbing life he leads. Still, there was something missing—the kindly approval of my old friends, the theater-going public.

"Public Sounds Real Call."

"I had accumulated a competency that would make me comfortable to the end of my days, but the vista of approaching years in this mere comfort held no pleasure, no real living for me. It was the call of the stage, and I had to answer. I found a vaudeville vehicle, and with Mr. William Harcourt took a flyer in Brooklyn. With the first welcoming round of applause I knew I had done right. Life was once more worth living. I will play a few vaudeville dates in New York houses only, and then assume a new role in a Broadway production. I am back in the business to stay. It is not the bright lights we hunger for. It is not the salary, the pretty clothes, but the friendliness of our audiences, the rounds of applause. This is to the actress what the clink of gold is to the miser. The public sounds the real call for the actress to return."

Henry Miller, actor-manager, says: "To begin with, I do not consider that the call of the stage is all-powerful. Many successful actors and actresses retire in the very height of their popularity and are forgotten by the public, but this is no sign that they yearn to return to the footlights or are unhappy. For instance, only to-day I saw Agnes Huntington driving on Fifth avenue, looking absolutely radiant and oblivious to the call of the theater. Agnes Ethel, Mary Anderson and Julia Arthur were happy after their retirement. And I could name a score of one-time prominent actors who have gone into various lines of business and are content.

"I believe that the really true and great artist loves simplicity, and after she reaches a certain point in experience she is ready to go back where she started, close to nature and truth. She realizes the evanescence of her popularity, for there are styles in actors as in colors; some last only a season, like the faddish colors; some live in public favor, like the standard colors. The public reads of the woman who comes out of retirement because she is exploited. The actress who remains in retirement is not exploited. Many women remain in the profession or return to it through sheer necessity. This side of the question is never exploited by the press agent. An empty purse is often the stern, unromantic reason for a return to the footlights. You must bear in mind, too, that the actress takes much of her pay in applause or approbation, an intoxicant hard to wean one's self from. The public bestows upon her an exaggerated adulation, which, even as she realizes its transitory character, is sweet."

As Author Views It.

Rose Stahl as Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady" thus defines the call of the stage when her lover, Dan Mallory, urges her to marry him and settle down on a stock farm:

"I've met more than one doll that's thrown a good man down hard just to get back to the bright lights. They talk great about it's being love for their art, but it's nothing but a hunch for the excitement. I'm no better than anybody else, and I'm kind of afraid."

Channing Pollock, who has viewed the profession from many angles, as dramatic critic, press agent, playwright and play producer, says: "The call of the stage is the voice of vanity. I know of no other profession in which approbation, recognition and applause follow so quickly upon achievement. And once a woman has been fed on this diet of instant approbation she will have no other. She must feed on approval of her person and her work. Nothing else will satisfy her—and that is vanity. Mere salary does not content an actress. She must have the applause. I have known actresses to jeopardize salary and contract to steal one good line from a fellow-player by juggling the dialogue. The line may be inartistic, the situation unreal, but if it is good for a laugh or a hand the star will demand it. Recently in staging one of my own plays I selected a woman of 36 to play the role of a woman aged 35. The actress objected, 'I don't want to play middle-aged roles yet,' she exclaimed.

"But you are 35 and more," I insisted, perhaps a bit cruelly, but for the good of the piece. She flung me a look of scorn and replied: 'Yes, but we are not here to exploit our defects. We expect to gloss them over.' And that is the true attitude of the average woman on the stage. She is placed on a pedestal by the public, and in private life she is on the ground with other women—she is what she really is. Her vanity forbids this, and so private life palls and the stage calls."

May Irwin's Testimony.

May Irwin, the richest actress in America to-day, whose New York real estate holdings are enormous, says:

"Why did I return to the stage? I have never analyzed my feelings on the subject. It started when my friends kept asking me why I had retired when I could still attract the public, why I placed myself in the class with theatrical has-beens when I could still draw laughs—and dollars—to the box office. I had no sincere answer for their very pertinent questions, and so I came back.

"I do not see why the stage is not like any other profession. So long as you can succeed and make money by attracting appreciative audiences you want to remain in harness. The lawyer who can win all kinds of cases does not retire simply because he has made enough. His happiness is in winning more cases, harder cases. All right! We of the stage want to win more laughs, more applause, more public approval.

"During my two years of retirement I was always busy. You know I have two boys to occupy my thoughts. I am naturally very domestic, and am my own housekeeper with a big home to manage, and yet, particularly when I was in town, there was something missing, a void which I cannot explain in my life. In the evening it comes over the retired actress, that peculiar yearning to get ready for the night's work. In imagination she can smell the contents of her make-up box, she can hear the hurrying feet of the stage hands, the orchestra and 15-minute call, she sees the lights go up, the curtain rise; but another woman is there getting the applause that was once hers, and the first you know she is back at work, back drinking in the approbation of the audiences, the approbation that is more than bread and butter to her, the very red corpuscles of her existence."

Fascination About Stage Life.

Joe Weber, under whose direction many chorus girls have earned distinction, says:

"There is no denying that there is a fascination about stage life which outweighs any other inclination in many minds. From the time I saw my first theatrical performance, when I was not quite seven years old, I decided life could have no charms for me unless I could 'act out' on the stage and make people laugh and applaud. The sweetest music in the world to an actor is the sound of laughter and applause earned by his individual effort. To give up all thoughts of acting would seem like blotting out one of the principal joys of living. If that is an actor's idea about the subject, how much more difficult it must seem to the more impressionable members of the opposite sex!

"An actress may leave the stage because she has fallen in love and her fiancé will not consent to her continuing in that atmosphere, or she may have lost her ambition and determined on a quieter existence. It may be months or even years later, but this girl is almost certain to hear, and, if possible, heed the call of the stage. Her mind naturally turns that way at the slightest mishap in her new life. That's the practical side of the call of the stage. The sentimental side of it comes to aid the practical side when she thinks of the lights, the gaiety, the pretty costumes, the music, and, what is sweetest, most alluring of all, the applause. So, I suppose the definition of the call of the stage might be summed up into the one word applause."

Missionary Honored.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the medical missionary who founded and conducted the Labrador Deep Sea mission, has been created a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by King Edward.

The Fool of the Family

By Mrs. B. M. Croker

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Letty's proud, sore heart, was the real, true and only reason for the sudden uprooting of the Lavender family. For years she and Stephen Squire had been playmates, and later undeclared sweethearts. Stephen had been learning farming—he now managed his father's land—he was a smart, good-looking young yeoman—and his father expected him to marry well. He would never fulfill their wishes, by loitering in the lanes with Letty Lavender, the daughter of a widow in humble circumstances. His sisters could not forgive her for her pretty face, his father could not overlook her empty pockets, but nothing could be said against her family—for it was known that a hundred years ago, the Lavenders were great people—and gentlefolk; their impressive monuments covered half the walls in the village church—but gambling and the bottle, brought them down to the rank of cottagers in less than three generations; and all that remained to Letty, was her beauty, her self-will, and her pride. She was aware that Stephen, her old playmate was "warned off" from her society. His sisters had insisted her in public—whilst his father had sought out and brought home an acceptable future daughter-in-law. But still Stephen was staunch. With eager eloquence, he suggested to Letty that they should marry, and go out to New Zealand, and make their home there, but she refused. She would not leave her mother and brother, and make a sort of runaway match. Then she and Stephen had sharp words. He was, he said, ready to sacrifice his family, and all his prospects, but Letty would not even meet him quarter way—and she was so cold and distant, he believed she did not care a straw about him. At this crisis, Miss Bulger appeared on the scene. Stephen was seen in her company—at church—and flower show—and the breach was complete.

Letty felt that she could not endure to remain in Silverstream, receiving the compassion of the villagers. After a final scene with Stephen, she made up her mind to escape from her old life and make a fresh start elsewhere. As a dressmaker in London, for instance. Her mother would not listen to the word "separation;" if Letty went, they would all go. Dan, the baker, shock-haired boy, was of no importance in family councils. Letty's imagination was active, she planned the move entirely. When the place was duly advertised, and a suitable purchaser found—she decided that they would take a nice little flat in London, where marketing was cheap, and everything was so convenient. She would go into the dressmaking business.

In London she would forge, Stephen. Mrs. Lavender, a thin, fair woman—Dan, her she-headed, half-witted son of 16, and Letty—her pretty, enterprising daughter, came to London in the month of August, accompanied by "Muff," the cat. They took two furnished rooms in a house near the "Roxhill" road, and prepared to enter in their new kingdom.

October came—with a w of the war in South Africa—London filled, but trade was still slack, and faces were long and gloomy. Christmas arrived—and found the Lavender family still in the two squalid rooms, still unemployed, and one and all secretly yearning to be back in Rosedale. Bad news had arrived with the New Year. Mr. Tonk—who was insensible to letters, or even telegrams, had suddenly bolted, having quietly disposed of all the effects at Rosedale. He owed two hundred and thirty pounds—he had only paid twenty on account. This disaster, so entirely unexpected, was a terrible blow to Mrs. Lavender, whose meager savings were rapidly diminishing in London. And the money was gone—Tonk had secretly made away with all the stock and furniture, sent the key to the landlord by post, and vanished. His references had been supplied by a rascally solicitor—his confederate—and he had enjoyed three months' residence in the country gratis—and carried off substantial booty.

Another grave piece of intelligence—Steve Squire having refused to fall in with his father's wishes, and marry Miss Bulger and four thousand pounds—had suddenly enlisted in the yeomanry, and departed to South Africa. Poor Letty—misfortunes never come singly! Stephen wrote to her before he sailed, and bade her a dramatic farewell.

"I blame myself, Letty for my hot temper—and hot words—forgive me you may never see again—but who with his last breath, will ever be true and loyal to you. Letty, you did wrong to go to London—your pride (London pride) took you there; if you had stayed here—all would have come round in time, you might have trusted me—I was barely civil to Miss Bulger—and no more—I am off for the front now." Thus Steve departed—his hopes postponed—but not dispelled.

Meanwhile Letty had sufficient trouble on her hands at home. Her mother's health was indifferent, she suffered more than ever from bronchitis, and funds were depressingly low. Dan had taken to the London streets—as a fish to water, and became the pal and friend of sandwich men and newsboys—finally a newsboy himself—not being such a fool as he looked!

The year 1900 was a black one for many families—including the Lavenders.

They had no near him abroad—no one fighting and fainting on the South African veldt—but they had ample anxiety near home. It was now a question of keeping the wolf from the door, and Dan's was the hand that beat him off. Dan took round the Evening Scream, and his voice out-bawled that of the most leather-lunged in the district, but his earnings were scanty—enough for one—but a pitiful supply for three.

Summer came with sunshine and gay parasols, and the usual London "season," but to Letty and her mother it brought nothing but agonizing memories of the pretty rose-clad "Rosedale."

Christmas came round again, and found Letty doing "slog-work" with her machine—assisted by her mother—flannelette shirts, threepence a dozen.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "you and Dan ought to hate me, though this is the season of good will. I had a quarrel with Stephen—all because his sisters were rude to me, and I resolved to come to London, and be a success—look at me! Do I look like a success? And I have dragged you and Dan from your comfortable home, and simply worked on your affection, and you left Rosedale with me—left comfort—for—for starvation. Oh! oh!" and she bent her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"What's this?" inquired Dan—"Ere is a nice Christmas dinner, sis! and I have brought you a Christmas present!" and in his (I regret to add) grimy fingers he held up a little brown paper parcel. This he opened, and proudly displayed what looked like a diamond spray—and oh, how it glittered and shone—red, white and



Proudly Displayed What Looked Like a Diamond Spray.

blue, and how it coquetted with the one dirty gas-burner!

"Oh, Dan!" gasped his sister—"did you? when?—how—did you get it? It's surely real!"

"I was looking on at one of them Salvation Army auctions last night—people send in things—for other folks to buy, for charity, you see—and some one held this up from a basket of rubbish—for bidding, and one fellow said: 'Us don't want mock jewels, but bread,' and the thing shook and sparkled, and looked at me so straight—and said: 'Dan, you buy me for your sister—she loves pretty things—and it's Christmas.' And so I did! for I had some extra coppers for fetching a cab, and here it is, money wasted fourpence—but mighty pretty, isn't it? When I bought it, they all said I was a softy."

"It is real, Dan! How could they sell it for fourpence?"

"How do I know? Maybe some wicked rich woman sent it as a payment for her sins—a what you call it?"

"Penance?"

"Yes; and to-morrow we will show it to young Levi. He is a friend of mine, and get him to value it—this morning I showed it to a man, and he offered me five pounds!"

"Oh, Dan, dear, what folly. You should have taken it," cried his mother.

"No, no, mammy, if it is worth five pounds—it is worth more. I knew I'm a fool, but I tell you it is worth a fortune—a fortune to you and sis."

Dan's words came true, the ornament proved to be blue diamonds of the purest water, and was valued at two thousand five hundred pounds, it had no history—most fortunate fact—and no claimant, so it belonged to Letty Lavender, who, needless to say, sold it—and with the proceeds in her hand, suggested to her mother that they should return to Rosedale. The business arrangements connected with the sale of the ornament were necessarily protracted, but by the end of May the Lavender family had returned to Rosedale. Fortunately their old house still stood empty, and they lost no time in taking possession, and collecting their belongings—dog included—and settling into their usual groove—almost as if they had never left the village.

Stephen Squire had recently returned from South Africa with three wounds, two medals, and a heart still loyal to Letty Lavender—and old John, his father, no longer objected to the match. Forgiveness is never so easy as when convenient—the girl was a lady by birth—and had a tidy little fortune of two thousand pounds. He dispatched his son to the enemy's camp with a flag of truce, in the shape of a fine home-cured ham—and all is now—peace, good will, and prosperity.

Feary is quoted as saying that it is warmer in winter at the north pole than in New York. One can well understand that if a man went to New York without money he would feel the cold more than he would at the pole.

It is stated that the incomes of doctors have decreased 25 per cent. in England during the past three years. How about the undertakers? The doctors need not give this inquiry a personal application, either, necessarily.

To Cure Feathers.

Collect as soon as possible after the plucking of the fowl. Pick out the large feathers and place the rest in a large pair of stout paper bags, and heat for several hours in the oven. During this time they should be frequently stirred and shaken. The heat destroys the eggs of insects and drives off the oily matter. It also stiffens the feathers, rendering them more elastic. When thoroughly cured by heat they should be cleansed as follows: Mix one pound quicklime with a gallon of water. When the lime is precipitated in a fine powder, pour off the clear lime water. Put the feathers in a tub and cover with the lime water to the depth of several inches. When thoroughly wet the feathers will sink down and should then be left in soak for three or four days. Rinse in several clean waters, spread on a sieve to drain between washings and rinsings, then dry in mosquito netting bags in the sun. If one raises their own fowls, or buys their poultry alive they can easily keep themselves supplied with feathers for the many sofa pillows which are now in such demand as indispensable adjuncts to our comfort.

CONSIDERATE OF THE COOK.

Rural Guest Surprises Hotel Clerk by His Thoughtfulness.

"This story may sound a bit fishy, but it is true, nevertheless," said a city hotel clerk. "A few days ago a young man came in and registered and I immediately sized him up as a resident of the rural districts. He was very verdant and that was demonstrated beyond doubt later when he asked me what time dinner would be ready. I told him the hours for meals and he left the desk. Shortly afterward he came back. I saw there was something on his mind and thought I'd help him out.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I inquired.

"Well, I dunno," he replied, "but I was just thinking I'd tell you I won't be here at dinner time, so you needn't bother about waiting for me. I've got to meet a feller about the time you said was meal time, and I don't know whether I'll be able to get back. I don't want to put folks to any trouble, so you had better tell the cook about it. I guess I can get along without dinner for one day anyhow."

"We don't often have guests who are so considerate of the cook," mused the hotel man.

HAD IT ALL PLANNED.

Capture of Outlaw an Easy Thing for Youthful Detective.

"Five thousand dollars reward for the capture, dead or alive, of Jim Bradley, the outlaw."

Two young boys read with interest the above sign which stood on an ensel in front of a moving picture on West Federal street.

"There's a good place to pick up a piece of loose change," said one of the boys; "lets take a chance."

"Well, I could capture that outlaw all right if I wanted to," the second boy declared. "I know just exactly how to do the job."

"Regular Sherlock Holmes, I s'pose."

"No; and no Buffalo Bill either."

"What would you do?"

"Well, if I really wanted to capture the bold bandit I would watch the picture from a point near the machine and at the right time I'd cut a chunk out of the film."

The other lad sniffed in disgust as he remarked: "You ought to be arrested; you're so sharp you might cut somebody."—Youngstown Telegram.



PIANOS!

\$10.00 down puts a high-grade piano in your home. Small monthly payments.

ORGANS!!

New and second-hand on liberal terms.

GUITARS!!!

Good grade \$3.00, better \$4.00.

MANDOLINS

Good grade \$2.50, better \$4.00.

Talking Machines

Victor \$22.00. Edison \$10.00.

Sewing Machines

\$5.00 down and \$1.00 a week. Sheet Music, Etc.

DURHAM & CO., 310 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD WEAR



This is a "white season," for there is a perfect race for white fox, ermine, white-faced cloth, and above all, ivory white Indian cashmere. The latter is really an ideal material for dresses of ceremony, but it has been rather out of favor the last three or four years. Now it is rushing to the front again and in connection with rare, lovely embroideries.

Marguerite, dowager queen of Italy, is credited with this universal adoption of white, for on every possible occasion she appears in white costumes. The late king of Italy was very fond of the virgin tint and was really angry when his queen appeared in any but the palest and most delicate colors. He declared—with truth—that a pretty woman looks her best in robes composed of soft white lines and he used to present his wife with costly fiances, on condition that she wore them on ordinary, as well as extraordinary, occasions. Indeed King Humbert's two special weaknesses were laces and pearls, and with these two most desirable possessions Queen Marguerite is richly endowed.

The queen has been heard to say that beautiful white lace and rich white furs belong, by right, to women who have left their youth behind them. It is a very comfortable doctrine and one which contains many grains of truth.

We saw a handsome pale gray cashmere robe the other day which had several fiances on the skirt. Each of these fiances was edged with hand embroideries of the finest description; in fact so fine that the effect was lost unless at close quarters. There was a tight-fitting jacket, with basques at the back and a most attractive little waistcoat of palest tan suede. On the jacket there were some beautiful embroideries to match those on the skirt, and the under vest was of tucked muslin—very neat and plain, like a man's dress shirt.

Another embroidered cashmere costume, of the same order, was in ivory white with elaborate scrolls and garlands of flowers worked in pale pink and pale green silks.

These Indian cashmires have been

gradually gaining in favor since they were worn by the princess of Wales, after her return from India. She is particularly partial to the soft material, which drapes so gracefully, and so is Queen Alexandra.

Another rage this winter is for velvet, and cloth, dresses with very deep bands on the hem of the skirts. For evening toilets this band is almost always covered with paillettes or with elaborate embroideries, but for street wear cloth dresses of the same design show the lower part of the skirt covered with intricate braidings.

In our illustration we show a robe of cherry colored cloth with gimp and tulle of guipure lace tinted the same shade. The other is a "d'ecollete" robe of drapé Bleu Lancelot with draped bolero and muff of ermine, embroidered vest and blouse of Irish lace.

Marabout as a trimming seems to become more popular every day. It can be had in every delicate shade, but it gives the best effects in silver gray, with crepe de chine to match or in shell pink. I have seen in some evening mantles trimmed with marabout in bright shades of emerald green and even in "empire" cerise, but these vivid shades offend the eyes. Marabout in itself is so soft and fluffy that it ought to be treated as naturally as possible. In every shade of brown it is ideal, but I can speak most favorably of it in pale shades of pink, gray and blue.

One of the special novelties in the millinery world is the beautifully fashioned rose of softest satin. I do not mean a silk or satin rose of the ordinary kind, but a thoroughly conventional rose which does not profess to copy nature. In the new blanchet these roses are very attractive and also in a most impossible shade of emerald green. As I have already said, there is no pretense at copying nature. The new roses are simply used as a hat decoration in place of a satin choux or bow.

Another novelty is the full crown of supple felt, covered with delicate Turkish embroidery in copper or silver.

COATS for GIRLS



More and more are the little folks' garments, especially their outside wrappings, being planned along the same general lines as those of the grown-ups. This similarity is not confined to the outlines of the little coats and capes, but extends to materials and trimmings as well. Real laces, costly buttons and expensive fur figure to a noticeable degree on the children's garments exhibited this season, while chiffon velvets and novelty velours are favorite materials for these delightful little affairs, which are essentially childish and quaint in spite of their luxuriousness. In fact,

in the telling justice cannot possibly be done them and an observation trip through a shop devoted to children's things or through the children's department of any of the high-class department stores is necessary in order to realize their charm. Simple and unpretentious in appearance and yet rich and costly enough in reality for little princesses.

Perhaps no style of coat is more adapted to childish figures than the Empire, and one frequently sees such little garments, which are replicas of those worn by older women. Coats fashioned along these lines are sure to be graceful and becoming, whether intended for plain or dress wear, and all sorts of materials lend themselves charmingly to this style. The coat may be originally cut on regulation Empire lines, or the Empire effect may be simulated by cleverly arranged trimmings, such as folds, stitched bands, fancy braids and the like.

Cause for Worry.

"That poor woman is almost worrying herself to death."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"She's got a new cook who is really a good looking woman."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Lots. Her husband likes good looking women."—Milwaukee Sentinel

Few women are able to tell a story so as to bring out the strong points in a forcible way

TRIBES HOLD FIRE SACRED. NO DOUBT OF HIS WEALTH.

Survival of the Belief That It Is a Living Creature.

A curious modern attempt to rationalize one of the oldest of superstitions is to be found in Kipling's "Life's Handicap." There Mulvaney checks the author from stirring the fire with Ortheris' bayonet, on the ground that fire takes the heart out of the steel. The real reason is much more mysterious. It was one of the maxims of Pythagoras "not to stir the fire with a sword," and to this day the wandering tribes of North America and of northeast Asia hold it a sin to take up a burning ember for a pipe-light with the point of a knife. The explanation is undoubtedly given by Johannes de Plano Carpini, when he tells us that one of the Tartar superstitions concerns "sticking a knife into the fire, or in any way touching the fire with the knife, or even taking meat out of the kettle with a knife, or cutting near the fire with an axe; for they believe that so the head of the fire would be cut off."

This is evidently connected with the ancient idea that fire is a living creature, a sacred animal, which must not be wounded by its human owners, in case it should be annoyed and deprive them of its valuable services. Is this in any degree more irrational than the belief still existent among housekeepers that a feeble fire

INDEPENDENCE IN THE MATTER OF TIPS. PROVED TRAVELER MILLIONAIRE.

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had as a fellow-passenger a man worth at least \$20,000,000. When the opportunity came I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he explained:

"Dat's what dey says, sah, but you can't allus tell. He's in de next cah, sah, but I can't say how much he am wuth till in de mawnin'. Mehbe he's wuth \$20,000,000, and mehbe he hain't wuth a hundred."

After breakfast next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment, and with a broad smile on his face, he said:

"Dat story am all true, sah."

"Then the man is worth \$20,000,000, is he?"

"All dat and mehbe a heap mo'. Yes, sah, dar's no mistake about dat."

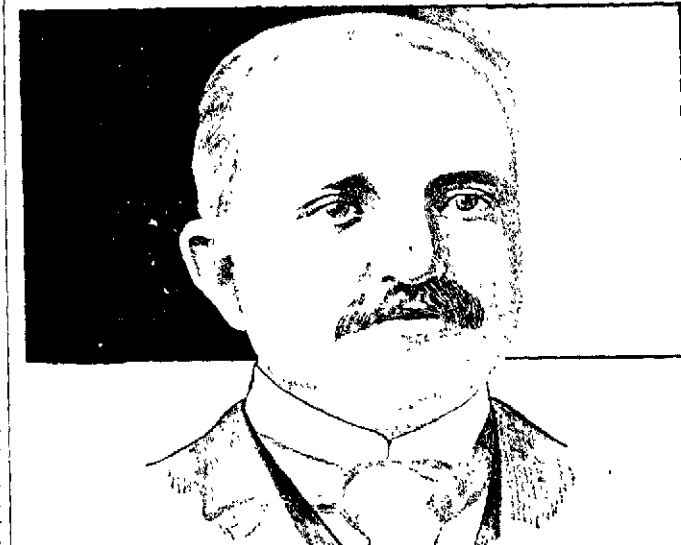
"But how did you find out? I don't suppose you asked him how much he was worth?"

"No, sah. I'dun found out by de odder po'ter, sah. De millyonaire has jest gib him 10 cents fur brushin' him off, while everybody else has come down wid at least a quarter!"

Wedding Check Went to Pay Debts.

Persons who have been at a loss to select presents for marrying friends

Daniel Guggenheim



A sensation was caused in the curb market on Wall street by a drop in the shares of Nipissing Mines company from 2 1/2 to 1 3/4, and by the subsequent announcement that the deal for the sale of one-third of the stock of the company to the Guggenheims had fallen through.

The Guggenheims had an option to purchase 400,000 shares at \$25 a share. December 1 they announced that they would not avail themselves of their option, owing to a question that had arisen as to the title of the properties of the company. They have already paid \$2,500,000 of the purchase money and 40,000 shares have been delivered to them, part of which had been resold to customers. The Guggenheims announce that they will bear any losses that their friends may have incurred by reason of the deal. Apparently the transaction has cost them about \$1,500,000.

can be made to burn by laying the poker across it, or that the sunbeams falling on a fire tend to put it out?

Miser Is Still Waiting.

A man who was very miserly hoarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well-known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the miser.

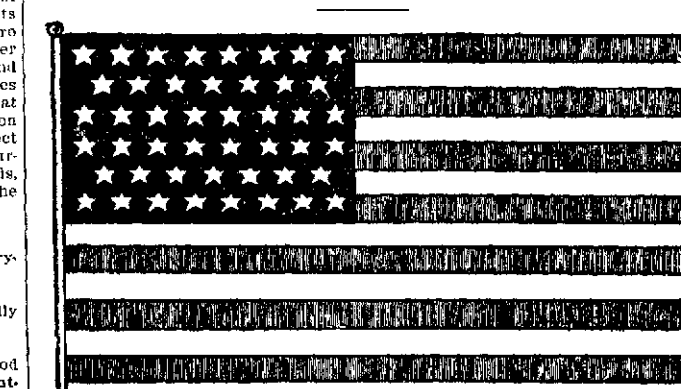
"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.

Tobacco Test for Novels.

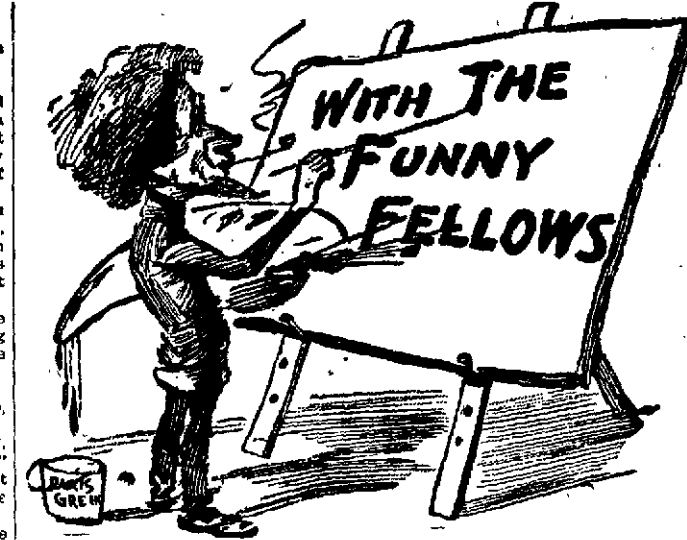
The other day in a public library in London an attendant noticed a young girl sniffing suspiciously at the books. When he asked the reason of her strange conduct she told him frankly, "I sniff at a book," she said, "to see if it smells of tobacco. If it does then I know it's a book a man has been reading and that it's a good one." This is a novel literary test, but a wise one in some respects. Horse sense lies behind it and feminine intuition.

With Oklahoma's Star In



National Flag, Showing Arrangement of Stars After That for Oklahoma Is Added on July 4, 1907.

The war and navy departments have agreed upon the arrangement of the stars in the union of the national flag, so as to provide an additional star to represent the new state of Oklahoma. The new arrangement goes into effect on July 4, 1907.



WASTED ENERGY.

"John," she said, "what type of canal would be best to build at Panama?"

Delighted, John laid down his paper. This was where he lived. For 30 minutes the room resounded with such terms as "lock levels," "tide speeds," "abutments," "angle irons" and "geodetic surveys."

At the end he smiled at her.

"Do you agree with me," he asked.

"Yes," she answered absently. "But I was thinking—"

"I was just thinking, John, that I'd have my old black mohair made over for the fall and get baby one of those white rabbit-skin coats."—N. Y. Press.

Used His Fist.

"Ha! here comes Ratcliffe with a dagger. My last moment has arrived," exclaims one of the characters in a new melodrama.

Unfortunately, however, the actor representing Ratcliffe had forgotten the dagger and came on the stage without it. But he was equal to the occasion.

"Villain!" he exclaimed.

"Thou thought'st thou saw'st a dagger in mine hand. 'Twas thine evil conscience supplied the vision. But I will slay thee with a blow of this strong right hand," which he proceeded to do.

MEAN THING.



Mrs. Pease—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent.

Miss Sharp—Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street.

"Easy Monthly Payments."

"Lives of Great Men" stands behind me. Stamped in gold and bound in blue—Every book tries to remind me That the next installment's due.

Excitement.

"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," remarked the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

Heavenly.

"And he said my voice was heavenly?"

"It amounted to that."

"Tell me what he said, using his exact words."

"Well, if you must have it, he said your voice was unearthly."—Houston Post.

Portable.

"There's a man of the name of Blison that has applied to me for a job as coachman. He says he used to work for you. Has he a good character?"

"Yes, if he hasn't lost it. I gave him one when he left me."—Chicago Tribune.

Learned Something.

"You've been to college a whole year and I don't think you've learned a thing."

"Oh, yes, I have, dad. I've learned the class yell."—Yonkers Statesman.

Flattering.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts."

"Two cents an ounce," answered the post office clerk. "That's first-class matter."

"Oh, thank you!"—Judge.

These Investigating Times.

Burglar—Have I gotten everything? Dimpleton—Do you expect me to tell you that?

Burglar—I think you ought, as a matter of honor.—Judge.

A Blow. Young Husband—I suppose, now I have married your daughter, you will continue to manage her business affairs for her?

Father—Yes, sir! I'm perfectly willing to manage her business affairs if you'll manage her.—Detroit Free Press.

STILL HOPEFUL.



She (teasingly)—What a fine-looking fellow the half back on the other team is. His features are so regular. He (savagely)—H'm. The match isn't over yet.—Cincinnati Commercial-Enquirer.

The Colonel's Fate.

A doughty Kentuckian colonel, whose watchword was "By the etolone!" had a son who was smart. Yet who broke his dad's heart. By his work on a yellow-bellied junco. —Judge.

He Remembered.

They had been married just a month. "Do you know what day this is?" she asked sweetly at the breakfast table.

"Yes," he answered, nervously: "this is the day I have to pay the second installment on that wedding ring!" —Yonkers Statesman.

THE FARMER'S IDEA.



The Country Parson—That is an uncommonly fine large hog, deacon. The Farmer—Yes, sir. Ah! if we wuz as fit to die as him, sir!—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Called In.

There are no birds in last year's nests. No feet in last year's shoes. And in the chilly autumn days There are no peek-a-boos. —Houston Post.

Improving the Verses.

The Poet—What did you do with those patriotic verses of mine? The Editor—Tried to improve them. "Improve them?"

"Yes; I burned them. There wasn't enough fire in 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Grateful Length.

"How is the new choir?"

"Well, if you must know, I was sorry when the minister stopped preaching."—Judge.

Not Yet Cured.

"But how do you know he is a single man?"

"Because he is so conceited."—Houston Post.

Her Undoubted Privilege.

Nan—Why do you always call Mr. Featherston "that nuisance" when you speak of him?

Fan—Because I have a right to. There is no rule for the pronunciation of proper names.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Needed.

"Gayboy was in jail two months on a false charge. I wonder why he doesn't sue for damages?"

"He says it saved his life. The diet cured his gout."—Detroit Free Press.